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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1906.

With Photogravure Supplement: SIXPENCE.
Children of Charles I.

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The Kaiser. King Oscar. Crown Princess.

Kaiserin.

Crown Prince.

THE KAISER'S SILVER WEDDING: THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS RECEIVING KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

DRAWN BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

The King of Sweden arrived in Berlin on February 22 to take part in the celebration of the German Emperor's silver wedding and the wedding of Prince Eitel Fritz. The Emperor met King Oscar at the station and drove him to the Castle, where his Majesty was afterwards received with full state.

### OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

SEE somewhere in the papers that a man has exercised his testamentary rights by leaving his wife a rope to hang herself. Over this bequest, it is not surprising to learn, has arisen a certain discussion about the reasonable limits of the legal fulfilment of wills. It certainly seems a little odd that the legal officers should be called upon to convey to a person the instrument of a legal crime. It opens a vista of possibilities. I may leave to some large and powerful acquaintance of mine a heavy axe or club to which a label shall be attached with the words "To kill Lord Northcliff." The legal officers are duly to carry this simple tribute to the legatee and to leave it in his hands. On my deathbed I may bequeath to my sorrowing relations the whole of my outfit as a criminal; bequeathing my jemmy to this nephew, my revolver to that, to another my dark lantern, to another a skeleton-key fitting all front doors in the street. I may leave to my family a row of little bottles of poison, each correctly labelled with the name of the literary rival to whom I wish it to be administered. Some people die and leave a cellar of champagne to be divided among all the hospitals. I may die and leave my little cellar of arsenic to be divided among the hospitals. people leave money for the improvement of public build ings. I can leave dynamite for the improvement of public buildings. All these things, perhaps, the law will gravely and respectfully carry out. Perhaps it will publicly and politely present my heir with the large dagger ultimately designed for my oldest creditor. Perhaps, on the other hand, it won't.

I do not know how the law stands about the gentleman who left a rope for his wife. Perhaps, like religious orders in the eyes of some theologians, it depends upon the intention. One is, perhaps, too prompt in supposing that the legacy implied a hostile and malignant feeling towards the surviving partner. Perhaps the husband merely meant to convey the hope that his beloved wife would soon rejoin him in the spirit world. Perhaps that piece of rope was really a dubious-looking compliment. Or again, there is another hypothesis. Perhaps he felt that his wife was too much disposed to a superficial and insincere pessimism, and that the sudden suggestion of death would remind her of the essential happiness of living. I can remember that in my ardent youth I carried about in my pocket a large but harmless revolver, and whenever anyone said, "Life is not worth living," I produced it, and always with the most satisfactory results.

I repeat that I do not know anything about the law touching wills; I have never had anything to leave, and I have never had any doubt about where I should leave it if I had. But the question of how far a man has an abstract right to perpetuate his intentions after death is an extremely amusing one. One case of it which occurred, if I remember right, in the Scotch courts of late years has attracted far less attention than I should have thought natural. Nevertheless, many of my readers probably remember the main incidents. As one sails into the admirable Bay of Oban, one may see standing up above the town, as abrupt and majestic as any of the abrupt and majestic hills, a thing looking very like the Coliseum at Rome. A rich knowledge of geography corrects, however, the idea that it is the Coliseum at Rome. If you care to climb the hill and examine it, you will find that it is an enormous, utterly unmeaning, and entirely modern circle of arches. If you wander about in it trying to find out the meaning of such a monstrous eruption upon God's good hills, you will at last find a tablet which says that this catastrophic thing was erected by Mr. So-and-so, "art critic, philosophical essayist, and banker." Of the local impression I will say no more beyond remarking that, having carefully considered his Coliseum, I should very much like to have seen his philosophical essays.

Now, this man, like lesser men, died, and he left a will by which it was decreed that this amphitheatre, which dominates the whole harbour and seascape of that fair part of the Highlands, should have a further dition made to it. He directed that enormous statues of his own relations should be placed so as to tower above all that towering structure. Now, I put the problem to any reasonable man. I do not ask questions about the personal beauty of this particular Scotchman's uncles and aunts, but I ask you, the reader, how you would feel if a colossal statue of your aunt or your uncle stood up like Memnon and confronted the everlasting sun? Even my own aunts and uncles (though beauty is hereditary in the family) could scarcely endure so magnified a magnificence. And yet I feel a great regard for that art critic, philosophical essayist, and banker. It is very rare in the modern world for anyone really to make or build anything. It is a fine thing to do anything for oneself; and it is a heroic thing to do it badly. I think the world was much more democratic in the days when a man could write his own epitaph, for instance. He wrote it in doggerel, and he did not know it was doggerel; stil', he could do it. Now the same man knows that it is doggerel, but he cannot do it any better; he is educated, and he cannot do anything at all. The modern education has not given us men who write better epitaphs. The modern education has not given us men who build better houses. It has only given us men who are afraid to write epitaphs and leave it to the vicar; it has given us men who are afraid to build houses and leave it to the architect. So I, for my part, like the man who has the courage to carve a coarse English rhyme on a gravestone that it may declare his identity to God. And I like the man, the art critic, the philosophical essayist, the banker, the fine and vulgar fellow, the demi-god, the quite manifest cad and lunatic, who reared on the hill a tower of futility, and who loved his family in everlasting stone.

The dramatic critics continue to buzz in an intel-

ligent excitement round Mr. Bernard Shaw and the amateurs. The principal trouble, I think, in all these modern theatrical quarrels is that the men who care for serious dramatic merit are so much of one school and one theatrical philosophy; men, I mean, like Mr. William Archer, Mr. Walkley, Mr. Grein, Mr. Baughan, and even Mr. Beerbohm. It is their honour that they consistently ask for a real drama. But it is their misfortune that when they think of a real drama they instinctively think of a realistic drama. They are the only people who really care for the play; but they only care for one kind of play. They are the only people who are pulling at all; they all pull in one way. I know quite well, of course, that a writer like Mr. Archer or Mr. Walkley would heartily concede the charm or value of a purely fanciful piece of work, such as "Peter Pan," in one style, or "Les Romanesques" in another. But when they speak of the serious drama they do not instinctively think of the romantic drama or the poetical drama. Now, all who are adherents of romanticism (as I am) have it for their first and fixed and central principle that romance is more serious than realism. We say that romance is the grave and authoritative and responsible thing; the permanent religion of mankind. We say that studies from life and human documents are more frivolous and fugitive than romance, just as the snapshots of a camera are more frivolous and fugitive than great and enduring decorative art. Realism, we say, is life seen as somebody sees it. Romance is life felt as somebody feels Romance exhibits life, not as a spectacle, but as a battle; the notes of the romancer are more serious than the notes of the realist, as the notes of a scout or aide-de-camp crossing a country are more serious than the notes of a journalist. Consequently an abler and more dignified drama never presents itself to our minds as a drama which will necessarily be more modern, or more scientific, or more pyschologically minute. When we talk of the serious drama we think of a pantomime that shall be more pantomimic; of a rhapsody that shall be more rhapsodical; of an idyll which shall be more idyllic; of a dream that shall be more dreamy. If we object to an Ibsen play, it is because, with all its cleverness, it is not sufficiently serious. "Hedda Gabler" is a far less serious play than "Peter Pan." For it is concerned with a much more fleeting, abnormal, and unimportant phenomenon. The kind of woman in Ibsen's play is simply the unpleasant by-product of a particular social decay. The kind of children in Mr. Barry's play are the only kind of children that there are or ever will be; the solid and indestructible minimum and substance of humanity. "Peter Pan" is, indeed, a standing type of the truth of purely visionary literature. Romance is more solid than realism, and that for a very evident reason. The things that men happen to get in this life depend upon quite shifting accidents and conditions. But the things that they desire and dream of are always the same.

This digression is not so remote as it sounds from the point about amateurs. We who take the above view of the romantic shall warmly agree, if we have any sense at all (which some of us have), that it is quite true that amateur dramatic art tends to be too theatrical and too little dramatic. But we shall by no means concede that amateur drama, if it improves, will improve in the direction of mere quietude or daily actuality. What amateurs require to realise is the thing which the old Greek, Mediæval, and Elizabethan popular theatres realised perfectly; what children in all ages realise perfectly-that the simpler, even the cruder, a symbol is, the better it is for ceremonial and poetic purposes. If you are going dramatically to slay the great dragon whose coils are wrapped round the world, it is better to do it with a wooden sword. The plain wooden sword of childhood, with a plain cross-piece nailed to it, is the archetype and religious abstract of all the swords in the world. If you use no sword at all, it is Manichæan—that is, it is priggish. If you use a real cavalry-sabre, it is realistic-that is, it is untrue. For the theatre is, after all, what it was in its historic roots, a ritual. And though it sounds a contradiction, it is a certain fact that ritual consists always of plain things: plain bread and not sugar-biscuits; plain wine and not a liqueur; plain wooden swords, the more obviously wooden the better.

### A PRINCESS OF PATHOS.

BY MARTIN HUME.

(See Supplement.)

No pictures stir so many sad reflections as portraits of happy youngsters whose after-lives of sin and sorrow lie within our ken. Those sweet, innocent little satin-clad figures that courtly Vandyck loved to paint in the days when his doomed patron was happy with his adored children around him, look, as they beam from the canvas at Windsor, as if trouble and misery could never touch their dainty prettiness. And yet Prince Charlie, with the roguish gipsy eyes and cheeks like sunburnt peaches, grew into the cynical, dark-browed voluptuary who would sacrifice all heaven and earth for his pleasure: and the fair, poetical, truly Stuart face of James, a child as lovely as ever painter limned, was seared with sorrow long before its prime, and bore to its exiled grave the blight of a betrayal as black as that of Lear; whilst their sister Mary, the quaint little maiden in her long satin frock and close white coif, smiling so demurely between her brothers, was a widow before she was twenty, and ended her life of turbulence and trouble before her thirtieth year. But these elder children of Charles Stuart at least worked out their own destiny in freedom, though oft in exile and distress. For the younger ones life held a fate more cruel, with the exception of two whom merciful death snatched from future trouble ere the storm burst upon their house, and the youngest and most beautiful of all, "Madame," the Duchess of Orleans, practically a French Princess from her babyhood of danger and distress, through her short life of reckless dissipation in the most immoral Court in Europe, to her death in early womanhood.

Through their agitated lives these brothers and sisters loved each other dearly, as their fated father loved them all; and they looked back as to a vanished glimpse of heaven to the few happy years before the shadows fell: then their joyous father and beautiful mother would romp with them at St. James's or Richmond, and as a treat would let the elder ones sit up to supper in the pomp and majesty of grown-up royalty. The tenderest flower of them all—the wise, serious, little maiden Elizabeth, always her father's best-beloved, learnt sorrow's lesson soon: for she was but seven years old when in 1642 she parted from her mother for the last time, though neither knew it then. Thenceforward the anxious, precocious child, with her little brother Harry, Duke of Gloucester, lay in the hands of her father's foes, whilst the fortune of war drove him backwards and forwards, and at last to the block in the street before Whitehall. The little Princess must have been a perfect prodigy of learning, to judge from the abstruse books dedicated to her, and the eulogies of scholars upon her wondrous gift of tongues, ancient and modern. But early erudition was only one of the indications of a mind and spirit far in advance of her years. With her faculties sharpened by the full knowledge of her father's trials and dangers, she developed a sensibility so keen whilst yet a child as to wear out the frail tenement of her soul, and add her martyrdom to that of her father before her womanhood was full. Sometimes the Parliament would vote liberal sums for the maintenance of Elizabeth and her brother, though such sums were usually in arrear; sometimes in a fit of parsimony the allowance would be cut down to nought. On one occasion, when Elizabeth was but eight, an order was given that the attendants of the royal children were to be changed, as not being Puritan enough, and the little Princess wrote herself this touching letter to the Lords, appealing against the action of the Commons—

My Lords,—I do account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my Lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you.

For a time the children were in the care of the Earl of Northumberland, sometimes at St. James's Palace and sometimes at Sion House; and, to Elizabeth's delight, in 1646 her elder brother, James, now aged fifteen, was sent to join them, as he had been captured when Oxford surrendered to the Parliament. From the danger and privations of a besieged army to the luxury of the palace seemed at first to James a welcome change, and he and his sister, old in trouble beyond their years, were inseparable companions. They learnt from day to day the changing fortunes of the King in Newcastle, and the girl, fired with the thought of the great issues at stake, again and again urged her brother to escape from thraldom, however pleasant. "If I were a boy like you," she cried, "no rebels should hold me." And the King, in the North, by secret messages and letters, instructed his son to make a dash for liberty. was not easy, for watchful eyes spied every movement of the children, and more than one attempt was frustrated. In the meantime, the treacherous Scot had betrayed Charles to his enemies; and as he was brought South in bondage, the one gleam of sunshine that lighted his gloomy pathway was the thought that he should see his children once more. His bitterest enemies could not resist the father's pleading, and on the King's promise to Fairfax that no attempt at escape should be made, the children were allowed to visit him at Caversham. Flowers strewed their path as they drove from St. James's to Maidenhead, where Charles was to meet them; and sobbing people lined the way to bless them as they passed. At the Greyhound Inn, Maidenhead, they met their father—aged with trouble now, his hair silvering, and his garb unregal. Then, and on many occasions during the next few months, Charles caressed his beloved ones and instilled into them the rules of conduct they were to and instilled into them the rules of conduct they were to follow when he should be taken from them. Elizabeth, with her grave, earnest young face blanched with fear, drank in his words as if every one sank into her heart. "Obey your mother in all except religion: in that keep firmly Protestant: honour the King, and resist all persuasions to marry without his consent." These were the lessons that Elizabeth learnt and treasured. Then came Charles's despairing escape, his imprisonment

at Carisbrooke, and the ever-deepening shadow of his doom.

Elizabeth and James knew the danger to all of them; and the heroic girl—she was only thirteen—connived at the plan for her brother's escape. They were to play the plan for her brother's escape. They were to play hide-and-seek between supper and bedtime at St. James's Palace, as they had often done before. It was on the evening of Friday, April 21, 1648, and North-umberland left his charges at their play, a feigned and anxious play to all but little Harry, who was to do the searching for his big brother James. The Duke of York borrowed the gardener's key that he might hide in the lodge in the garden and as soon as he had it in the lodge in the garden, and as soon as he had it flew across to the gate, slipped out to where friends awaited him, and, in a girl's disguise, was spirited away to a boat, and so to Holland. And yet the girl, with frightened eyes and beating heart, feigned for an hour and more to search for the brother she knew had fled, until at left the createst and the search for the prother she knew had fled, until at last the pretence could be kept no longer, and

until at last the pretence could be kept no longer, and the fruitless hue and cry was raised.

From the Isle of Wight tender, pathetic letters came from Charles to his child, whose heart was breaking for the doom she knew threatened him. When the last sad days came in London, and Charles was condemned to die upon the morrow, his prayer that he might say farewell to his children was grudgingly accorded. It was on Jan. 29, 1649, that Elizabeth saw her father last at St. James's. For fifteen months she had not set eyes upon him, and he had aged much. In an agony of tears she threw herself into his arms and sobbed until her heart seemed breaking. The King soothed her as best he might, stroking her fair hair and kissing her tears away. Then he told her that he was to die a martyr, and that she was not to grieve. She must forgive his persecutors and enemies, and be a Protestant all her life, though obeying her mother in other things; and she must honour her brother, the King. The child never forgot his words whilst she lived; and when Master Harry—no longer to be called Duke of Gloucester—had taken tearful leave, and the King had divided between taken tearful leave, and the King had divided between them such poor trinkets as were left to him, Charles, himself overcome, turned towards his bed-room door. A wail of mortal anguish from his daughter brought him back to clasp her to his heart for one moment more and mingle his tears with hers. Then, tearing himself away with averted eyes, he went in, and saw his darling no more. She went forth, a child no longer, for grief had made her old; and, though she trod her bitter pilgrimage for yet another year and more, her heart was broken; and just when the Parliament had decreed her liberation and restoration to her kin she decreed her liberation and restoration to her kin, she sank to death at Carisbrooke whilst yet but fifteen years of age, the gentlest soul that ever bore the name

### MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.-Hamlet.

The motive and the cue.—Hamlet.

THE past week has been rather prolific in euphemisms that leave one still hopeful for the resources of the language. An engaging morning paper has for some time been busy over the derivation of what, for its younger readers' sake, it disguises as the "carmine adjective," and so far has made no serious advance on previous knowledge; but in another delicate matter we have heard at least two phrases, or parts of phrases, that seem quite new. Everyone has guessed, of course, that one of them is Mr. Winston Churchill's epochmaking extension of a very simple and familiar word, and his sonorous "terminological inexactitude" will go down to history as the first ripe fruit of oratory in the and his sonorous "terminological inexactitude" will go down to history as the first ripe fruit of oratory in the most amusing of all Parliaments. The words, floating over the Elysian Fields, must have stirred the shade of Gladstone almost to tears of happy assurance that his art and craft is not dead; and if the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies should appear in the House with a button-hole of asphodel, or perhaps a wreath on his ambrosial locks, we shall know who sent it. Mr. Churchill, one fancies, must have taken to sherry and honey the one fancies, must have taken to sherry and honey, the G.O.M.'s Castalian fount of sweet Nestorian speech, so glibly does the master's manner trip upon his tongue.

But the word he steered so roundly past has again been neatly evaded, this time by a physician. The good healer was in the unenviable position of expert witness in a lawsuit; and here, by the way, it would be impertinent and superfluous (however à propos) to recall the word of which "expert witness" is said, libellously of course, to be the superlative. Invited to call certain evidence "a pack of lies," the doctor flatly refused, but on his reputation as a man of science he said that "if it was accurate, it was a miracle." The jury did not stay to refine upon the insinuation by asking what was the scientific man's view of miracles. They, at any rate, were good enough grandsons of the ages of faith to take the statement at its face value and give the doctor his case. Perhaps he is like Professor Jopp in Mr. Jones's "Judah," who remarked, "Nowadays we don't question miracles, we explain them," a saying that brought down the house fourteen years ago, but to-day seems rather incomplete. Since that time we have discovered Sir Oliver Lodge and this subtle witness whose implicit faith in miraculous truth enables him by mere But the word he steered so roundly past has again implicit faith in miraculous truth enables him by mere suggestion to expose lies.

Somewhat similar was the verbal trick played by a famous old Indian General. At his station was an officer who was famous for the wonder and mystery of officer who was famous for the wonder and mystery of his after-dinner anecdotes. One day, this good man became the subject of conversation at the club, and the General listened for a long time in silence, smiling with a quaint, sardonic humour. At last he exclaimed, in a Caledonian accent that forty years of India had left unspoiled, "Major Blank is an extraordinary fellow. Of all the men I know, he has the largest store of inaccurate information." The General, excellent person, would have been the very last to wish it accurate.

But the passion for accuracy flourishes nearer home. Oxford has once more been shaken to the foundations of the Bodleian by a tremendous movement, this time no ascetic rustle of surplices and chasubles, but a flutter

of matronly skirts. When she permitted her Fellows to marry there were male Cassandras who foretold evil, but none heeded them. So the members of senior common-rooms took wives, and in due time the grey city blushed on her northern borders with the vivid pink of villadom. Oxford, the understanding of heart pink of villadom. Oxford, the understanding of heart mourned, had become suburban after a cultured sort; but until February of 1906 none guessed how enthusiastic was her jealousy for Shakspere. In that memorable month Mrs. Don became articulate, and when a woman becomes articulate she must find a victim. In this case it has been the hitherto and probably still harmless and necessary O.U.D.S., nurse of such heroes as Mr. Bourchier, whom Eton the other day delighted to honour when he went there to tell it (rash man) how to become rightly articulate. other day delighted to honour when he went there to tell it (rash man) how to become rightly articulate. But the O.U.D.S., in its pride, offended Diana-Minerva who dwells in Norham Gardens and the regions adjacent. It chose to present "Measure for Measure" on the chaste boards of the New Theatre. The Vice-Chancellor—"'a was a merry man," as Juliet's nurse says—saw no harm in the Society's version of the play, and this year's festival might have been as others but for the this year's festival might have been as others, but for the uncalculated factor. Mrs. Don, who has her Shakspere at her finger-ends, knew too much about the text to believe that "Measure for Measure." would bear editing. So she gave notice of indignation as fiery as her abode, and hoveotted the piece. In former years she had and boycotted the piece. In former years she had smiled on Aristophanes played with very unimportant omissions, but the sacred text of Shakspere is another matter. The sacrilege of the O.U.D.S. was too deep for pardon, and its punishment was made to fit the crime.

The boycott, doubtless, was carried out at some sacrifice, for the social opportunities of the Dramatic Society's performances are not to be despised, and there must have been not a few rebellious daughters to pacify. But-

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall,

as Angelo says in "Measure for Measure" itself, and from that Diana-Minerva drew her strength. while, the O.U.D.S., letter-perfect in its part, turns the same text upon North Oxford, and quotes with deep meaning words addressed to Mrs. Overdone (Shakspere evidently meant Mrs. Overdon)—

All houses in the suburbs must be pulled down.

This interlude, however, is not the only diversion of the University at present. The other night at a witching hour some undergraduates were discovered on the roof hour some undergraduates were discovered on the roof of New College, and explained that they belonged to a New Alpine Club, whose mission it is to scale University buildings after dark. The Vice-Chancellor did not seem to look upon the Club as kindly as he did upon bowdlerised Shakspere, and it seems that Oxford will add another name to her long roll of lost causes. But if the college buildings be forbidden to the mountaineers, they may turn to Discovery's array to the control of the second to the college of th to Diana-Minerva's arduous roof-tree.- J. D. Symon.

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# A NAVAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS DURING THE RECENT CARNIVAL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUSSEAU FLAVIENS.



THE CARNIVAL AT VILLEFRANCHE: THE MARINE PAGEANT AND BATTLE OF FLOWERS.



THE KAISER AND HIS FAMILY AT POTSDAM.

### THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gibson The City Election. Bowles concluded their campaign in the City on Feb. 26.

The election was much livelier than the contest a few

weeks ago, and Mr. Bowles lived up to his reputation as a fighter. There were several very noisy meetings, particularly Mr. Balfour's last at the Great Eastern Hotel, where there were many interruptions; but these were only minor incidents. The ex-Prime Minister's reception was generally very cordial, and in his visits to the great City markets there could be no doubt that he was the popular candidate. As his last word Mr. Balfour said that the question of the day was what the Government was doing and what it rewas what the Government was doing and what it pro-posed to do. He asked the City to send him to Parliament to do all in his power for the basis of our present institutions, for the social amelioration of every class, and for the preservation of the honour of the The Free Trade party held its last great meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, where a vote of confidence in Mr. Bowles was passed. Mr. Balfour was returned by an increased majority of 11,340.

The Morocco Conference.

As the days pass and the main problems before the envoys at Algeciras remain unsolved, it

the last avenue

to successful colo-

nial enterprise closed against her. Already this

planet's open spaces in the Old World have been

claimed by her rivals, and in the New World

eighty million people, vigorous,

wealthy, and fully armed, stand ready to support the Monroe Doctrine. It is hardly

a secret that Germany was prepared to sell

her opposition to French Moroccan development

at the price of Mogador, and the

Clementina Duff,

eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Fife. He was born on Oct. 17,

1866; succeeded

to the title in 1899; and mar Gwladys

Ethel Gwendolen Eugenie, daugh-ter of Mr. Thomas

ter - at - law, on Aug. 9, 1905. His heir - presumptive is his kinsman,

Lieutenant - Col

onel Charles Vere

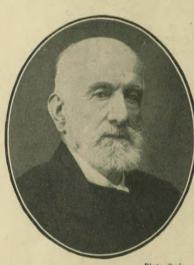
the Earl of Bess-

borough, who died

The late Rev.

barris-

becomes increasingly arduous to overlook the vital difficulty that bars the way to a peaceful solution. Germany finds herself face to face with the bitter truth that, should she be unable to secure substantial concessions in Morocco, she will see



THE LATE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH. Octogenarian Peer and Clergyman.

right of exploiting the Sus country, but all her efforts to this end have been met by the uncompromising opposition of France and Great Britain together. Now it is not unlikely that Germany will seek to wreck the Conference she brought into being, and try the effect of further intrigue in Morocco itself. Proceedings at Algeciras have counted for very little in the past ten days; it is to the Wilhelm-strasse, the Quai d'Orsay, and Downing Street that diplomatists are looking for signs of the times. The most interesting incident at the Congress was the sub-mission by El Mokri of a "Moorish" scheme for international financial control, and the Moorish Envoy's confession that the scheme was not originated altogether in Morocco. The admission must have given an unhappy quarter of an hour to Count Tattenbach.

Our Portraits.

The hope of Norway is the little Crown Prince Olaf, who at once won the affectionate interest of his father's people. The Crown Prince, who was born at Sandringham on July 2, 1903, was christened Alexander Edward Christian Frederick, but now bears the famous Scandinavian name of Olaf, as a compliment to Norway. He has his own guard of two soldiers to Norway. He has his own guard of two soldiers.

Sir John James Dudley Stuart Townshend, sixth Marquess Townshend, concerning the state of whose mind such widespread interest is being taken, is the son of the fifth Marquess, who married Lady Anne Elizabeth



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND, Whose Sanity is Disputed.

in London on Feb. 24, was in his eighty - fifth year. Walter William Brabazon Ponsonby was the seventh Earl, and succeeded his brother, the great cricketer, in 1895. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated in 1843, and in 1845 was ordained to the curacy of Hatherop, in Gloucestershire. He held many



THE NEW EARL OF BESSBOROUGH (Lord Duncannon).

charges, and at the time of his succession to the peerage was Rector of Stutton, in Suffolk. He married, in 1850, Lady Louisa Susan Cornwallis Eliot, daughter of the Earl of St. Germans. The late Earl lived to see his great-grandchildren.

Viscount Duncannon, who succeeds to the Earldom of Bessborough, was born in 1851, and served for some years in the Navy. In 1879 he was called to the Bar. He was appointed secretary to Lord Richard Grosvenor at the Treasury, and in 1884 became secretary to



QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY AND THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF.

Mr. Speaker Peel. This post he held till 1895. He is Chairman of the Bank of Rumania, a director of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, of Nettlefolds, and other companies. In 1895 he married a sister of Lord Wimborne.

Captain J. R. Lane-Fox, who died on Monday last, was well known as Master of the Bramham Moor Hounds. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. His eldest son, Mr. George R. Lane-Fox, is Member for the Barkston Ash division, and his brother, Mr. George Lane-Fox, is Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League.

It is somewhat unusual for a soldier to be Master of a College, but that is now the order at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. The late Master, Dr. Perowne, has been succeeded by Colonel Robert Townley Caldwell, formerly of the Cardon Highlanders. Calonel Caldwell was been of the Gordon Highlanders. Colonel Caldwell was born at Barbadoes in 1843, and was educated at St. John's College, Winnipeg, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 1874 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

In the House of Lords, to which the heavy artillery of Parliament. the Opposition seems to have been transferred, the Duke of Devonshire asked for further information justifying the reference in the King's

Speech to the progressive condition of the industries of this country. He criticised and desired more information as to the correspondence in which Mr. Balfour fell into line with Mr. Chamberlain. The ex-Premier was defended by Lord Lansdowne. On Monday Lord Milner led the attack on the Government for upsetting the more gradual introduction of measures of self-government into South Africa. No one, he said, by the widest stretch of imagination, can describe the Boers as devoted to the British Empire. The House of Commons continued the debate on the Address by flogging Chinese "slavery." Mr. Winston Churchill, in his maiden official speech, raised the ghost of Dr. Johnson when he admitted that that word could not be applied without a risk of terminological inexactivity. He declared however that no man ought to be tude. He declared, however, that no man ought to be imported into the country as a labourer unless he could also be accepted as a human being. Mr. Birrell submitted that the leaflets issued by the Liberal Publication Department were straightforward and fair. Mr. John Ward, the navy member for Stoke-on-Trent, who holds the Khedive's Star, and who claims to be the poorest man in Parliament, earned the praise of Mr. Chamberlain when he declared that though he had fought for the flag he had not used it as an election cry There was no work under the sun, he said, which the British workman could not accomplish. Mr. Asquith made the important announcement that the Home Government will retain its right to deal with any legislation proposed by the responsible Government of the Transvaal on the subject of Chinese Labour, and will decline to sanction service conditions. Mr. Chamberlain asserted that while he was at the Colonial Office he would never consent to Chinese Labour unless it was the desire of the whole white population of the Transvaal.

declined to accept the word of the Premier that the Government proposals had not first been sub-mitted for the approval of the mining magnates "living more or less in Park Lane." The division showed a Government majority of 325, no less than sixty of the Opposition being absent apparently un-

paired.
Replying to
Mr. Claude Hay,
who had referred to his salary, Mr John Burns said that if he had



THE LATE CAPTAIN LANE-FOX. Eminent M.F.H.

once made a statement to the effect that certain men were not worth more than £500 a year, he must have had the hon. Member for Hoxton in his mind.

The Government has come to a decision regarding the long controversy which went on last The Indian Army. summer over the question of civil and military control in the Indian Army. In future the Army Headquarters and the Army Department are to be regarded as distinct, so that the members of the Staff, such as the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General and their colleagues, General, the Quartermaster-General and their colleagues, will have entirely separate functions. In one capacity they will be members of the Staff pure and simple, while in the other they will be officers of the Army Department. This arrangement is said to be less Gilbertian than it seems, and we are assured that complications arising from the dual capacity of the Commander-in-Chief will disappear on a common-sense working of the system. With the present Commander-in-Chief this may be very well, but the new method seems to leave rather much to mere personality, and in the case of the Secretary to the Army Department the case of the Secretary to the Army Department everything seems to have been staked upon finding a man who will fit the system. In this question of the Secretary, Lord Kitchener may not have got all he wanted, but he has, at any rate, made sure of a substantial stap towards that referre which he is effective. tial step towards that reform which he is effecting for the defence of India.

### The Nigerian Rising.

The news that a British force had been attacked near Sokoto, and that three British officers and infantry had been killed, has, un-fortunately, been confirmed by Sir Frederick Lugard. There are very few details of the disaster, but it is believed that the force had been sent out to Sokoto to quell a religious rising. It was said that a Mahdi



COLONEL R. T. CALDWELL, New Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge.

had appeared, and some believed that the disturbance had been caused by the Tuaregs. It was at first feared that the British garrison at Sokoto had suffered, but Sir Frederick Lugard reports that it is quite safe, and that the local chiefs are helping to suppress the disturbance.

# LEAVES AND NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



A CURIOUS BURMESE BELL.

The bell, reputed to be a thousand years old, was found in Ava, where it was believed to ring the departed into Paradise. It was smuggled to England in a barrel, marked "Forge-Lancers," and was consigned as old horse-shoes.

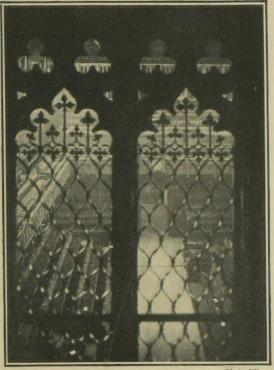


THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP. 1906; MR. HARDY'S "HOPREND."



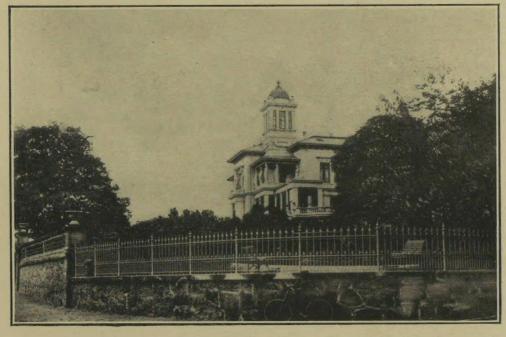
CUBA'S GIFT TO MISS ROOSEVELT: A 25,000-DOLLAR NECKLACE.

The necklet, which is of diamonds and pearls, was given partly in recognition of President Roosevelt's personal services during the war which liberated Cuba from Spain.



A THREATENED INSTITUTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE GRILLE.

It has once more been proposed to remove the ridiculous grille in front of the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons. It is a relic of old prejudice that ought to be abolished.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NEW DANISH RESIDENCE: HVIDORE, NEAR COPENHAGEN.

The Queen and the Dowager-Empress of Russia have bought, for 300,000 crowns (£166,666), a residence six miles north of Copenhagen. It has a superb garden looking out upon the Sound, and was formerly the property of Councillor-of-Legation Bruun.



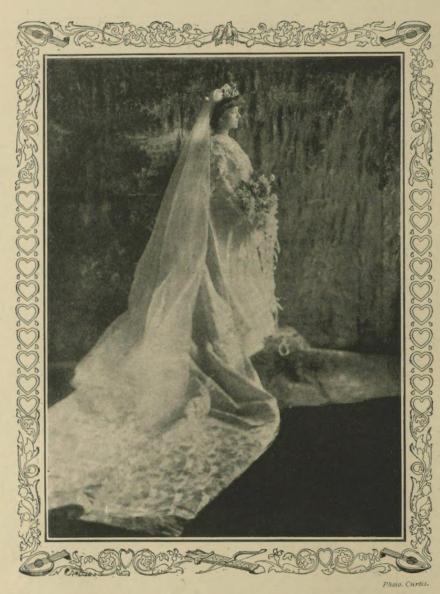
A RELIC TO PRESERVE: A HOUSE BY WREN AT CROYDON.

"Wrencote," the work of Sir Christopher Wren, stands near the Grand Theatre at Croydon. It is about to be sold, and it is feared that it may be pulled down. Note the traces of windows filled in to escape the window tax.

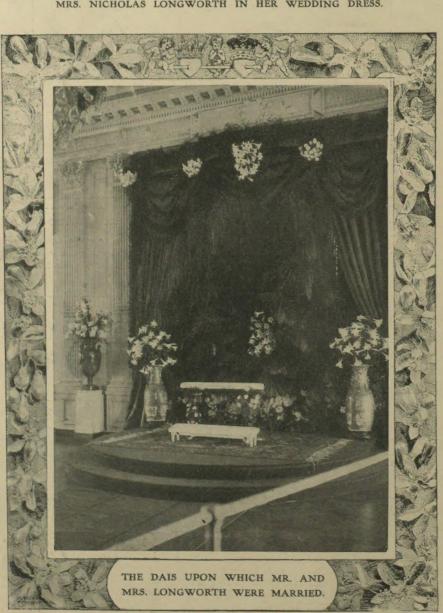




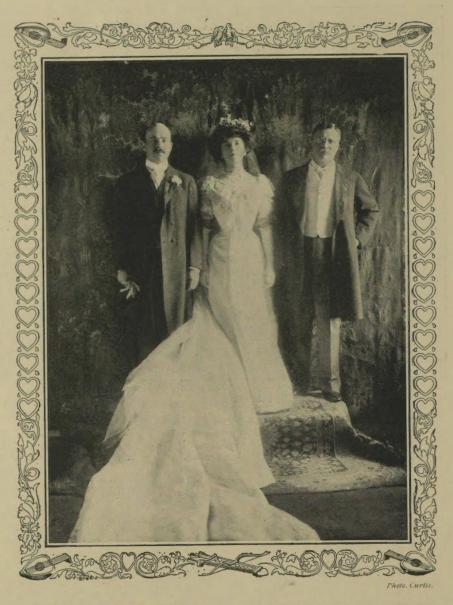
## SCENES OF THE ROOSEVELT-LONGWORTH WEDDING.



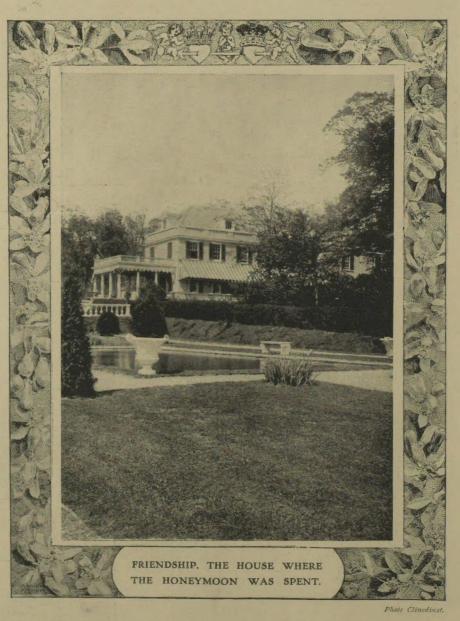
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH IN HER WEDDING DRESS.







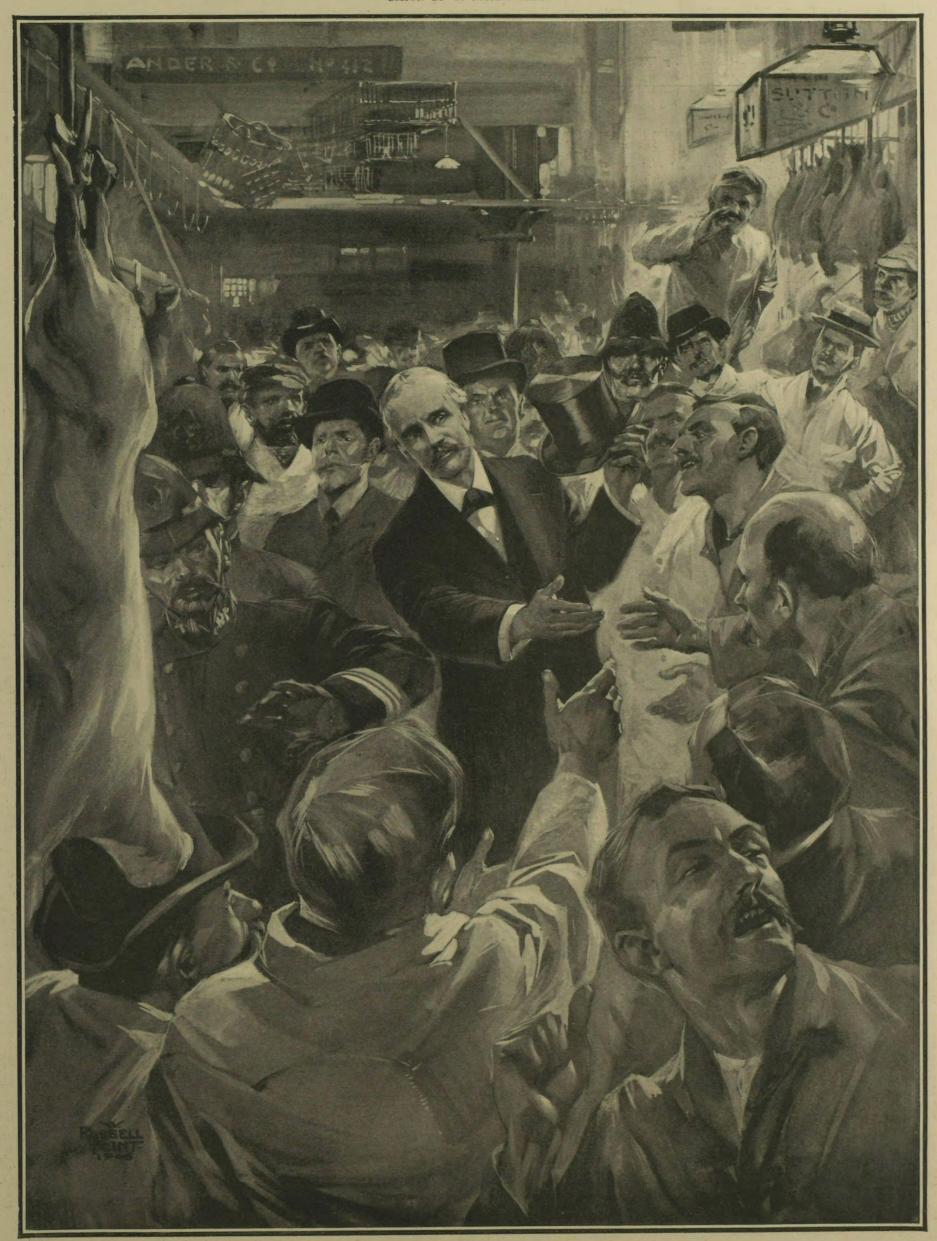
MR. AND MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



The ceremony was performed in the East Room of the White House by the Bishop of Washington. The bride and bridegroom, the Bishop, and the President stood upon a dais decorated with palms and lilies. There were 800 guests in all. The first part of the honeymoon was spent at Friendship, the residence of Mr. J. R. McLean, six miles from Washington,

# MR. BALFOUR'S CITY CAMPAIGN: THE EX-PREMIER AT SMITHFIELD.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



### MR. BALFOUR'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY THE SMITHFIELD MEAT-MARKET MEN.

Mr. Balfour visited Smithfield Meat Market at half-past eight in the morning of February 23. He was escorted by Superintendent Millman, Mr. W. H. Key, Mr. W. Cooper, and a small body of market policemen. He talked with a great many of the dealers, and was cheered by the market people generally. A speech was demanded, so Mr. Balfour mounted a table and addressed his constituents, pointing out that the market represented that commercial unity of the Empire which he desired to increase.

# THE GOLDEN BELT.

By WALTER WOOD.

Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

THE best plan," said the mate, in a voice that

was thick with passion, "will be to divide the money an' give each man his share."
"Will it?" sneered the skipper. He raised a glass of spirits to his mouth, and continued the work which he had been faithfully performing all the afternoon, which

was drinking.

"Yes, it will," replied the mate hotly. "An' if it comes to that, I've as much right to some of it as you have to keep it."

"We'll see about that," laughed the skipper.

"You've got as much right to the money as you have to tell me what I should do an' how I should do it—

an' I'm pretty well certain

an' I'm pretty well certain that you aren't goin' to interfere in my affairs. They don't call you Skinflint Sam for nothing. Why, a man wi' a look in his eyes like you've got'ud do murder for a shillin'—let alone a belt o' gold. Choke the luff o' your greed, or you'll come to a bad end. As for the money 'at you're so keen on gettin', it's all right, take my word for that, an' an' I'm pretty well certain take my word for that, an' it'll be divided when we get to Aberdeen, which 'll

get to Aberdeen, which 'll be in about two days. I'm leavin' Rockborough to-night."

"In spite o' the breeze?" asked the third hand. "Listen to it."

"In spite o' everything," declared the skipper definitely.

"About this money," resumed the mate, whose face flushed darkly. "We've been the luckiest single - boater goin' and "We've been the luckiest single - boater goin' and you've got nigh three hundred pound in gold that's partly yours an' partly ours. I'd like my share — becoss I 've changed my mind. I'm not goin' fishin' with you any more." He shuffled uneasily in his seat.

"Then you're not goin' to 'ave a ha'penny o' this money," vowed the skipper. "It's all snug an' tight, never fear, an' the man 'at wants' is

the man 'at wants 'is share'll only get it by stickin' me in the gizzard an' stealin' it. Look! Cunnin', isn't it?" He laughed boisterously as he pulled up his waistone. he pulled up his waistcoat and revealed a broad leather belt. There were pockets in the belt, and a pockets in the beit, and a pleasant jingle when he shook it. "They say 'at it's the dearest ballast 'at was ever worn by a North Sea smacksman," he added. "Ah, that's it; is it?" He jumped to his feet and struck angrily. his feet and struck angrily out, and the mate, who had rushed forward and snatched greedily at the belt, was hurled against the tap-room wall. "Try the tap-room wall. "Try that trick again!" said the skipper, with glittering eyes, "an' I'll smash you like a swampin' sea! Let 's get on board."

"Stop a minute," said the third hand pacifically. "There's no reason for bad blood between any of us. I've got an idea. If Sam's afraid he'll never get his share, put the money in a bank in the town an' draw it when we get to Aberdeen. The 'Arbour Master'll tell you how to do it. He knows all them

Master II tell you now to do it.

things like a book."

"D'ye think I'm goin' to trust a bank wi' such a
lot o' brass?" asked the skipper contemptuously. "Not
me! The man 'at wants 'is share's got to come wi' me and at wants is snare's got to come will me and draw it at the proper time, which is the end of the trip—and that isn't till we get to Aberdeen. If he doesn't——" he shrugged his shoulders by way of ending the conversation, then rose, left the inn, and angrily led the way down the pier to his steam-boat, the

Fearless, which was lying alongside the lighthouse.

The third hand seized the skipper by the arm and detained him. "Look here," he said, "nobody but a

madman'il go to sea in weather like this. It's temptin' Providence."

temptin' Providence."

"They all say I'm mad," said the skipper savagely.
"Let's give 'em some cause for sayin' it. Let go my arm."

"Look an' listen," said the third hand persistently.
He pointed to the sea and sky.

The barometer had fallen steadily, and was very low.
The wind, which had been weak and fitful for many days, was greatling seaward and at times came screening in

was growling seaward, and at times came screaming in gusts through the rigging of the vessels which were lying snugly in the old harbour at the foot of the hill. In the

He pushed open the door of the small round cosy office in the base of the lighthouse, and entered.

"Harbour Master," said the third hand anxiously, "what d'ye think o' the night?"

"The glass is very low," the Harbour Master answered, "and the wind's got into the nor'ard. We shall see some very shabby weather."

"Then you don't think we ought to get away?" asked the third hand eagerly.

Master placidly. "If you care to risk your steam. boat and crew, it's no concern of mine. I 've warned you. You ask me what the night 'll be like, and I 've told you. It 'll be shabby weather and dangerous weather. Lie where you are—there'll be

where you are—there'll be men at sea to-night who'd be glad to change places with you."

"I swore I'd sail to the north," said the skipper, "an' I shall sail. We've made a fortune his month, an' we want to spend it—but not here. We want to get home, an' we mean to try."

"Then why do you waste time coming here and asking about the weather?" demanded the Harbour Master.

"It isn't me—it's the duffers with me. Besides, questions cost naught," rejoined the skipper, where

rejoined the skipper, with a laugh. "You sit here an' give advice free, an an' give advice free, an I thought I'd come an' get some. I've got it, an' I thank you, but all the same I shan't make use of it."
"They say that wise

men give advice and fools don't take it," observed the Harbour Master.

The skipper was about to answer angrily when the third hand said—"Look here, Harbour Master, we've been talkin' about this money, an' the mate wants it divided. mate wants it divided.
But I say the best way
is to let a bank send
it on."

"Of course," agreed
the Harbour Master.

the Har. "Why not?"

"Becoss where I go this money's goin', an' I like to do my own business in my own way," said the skipper. "Look!" He raised his waistcoat again and jingled the belt, of which he seemed foolishly proud.

"Suppose you were robbed?" observed the Harbour Master.
"It 'ud be bad for the thief," answered the skipper.
"Or fell overboard?" added the Harbour Master.

"I'd have an answer to the good smacksman's prayer—to sink an' never rise, so as to get it over."
With this the skipper paid his dues, left the Lighthouse, and went on board the Fearless.
She was straining at her head and stern ropes, for the rising tide, which was running heavily, had got hold of and troubled her.
The Harbour Master directed the casting off of the

hold of and troubled her.

The Harbour Master directed the casting-off of the ropes, and the Fearless backed out into the Bay, where the lurching rollers caught her. "You'll be glad to get back," he shouted.

"Not into this old harbour," roared the skipper defiantly. "Not if I'm bashed to bits! I'm in for it an' I'll stick it through! So long!" He signalled a scornful farewell on his syren, and the Fearless steamed into the drive of the rising gale. into the drive of the rising gale.

"Then you don't think we ought to get away?"
asked the third hand eagerly.
"I'm sure you oughtn't," he answered. "Wait
till morning, and see what it looks like then."
"It's the beginnin' o' November, an' things
aren't likely to improve,"
interposed the skipper.
"I'm goin' to sea tonight, come fine, come
storm. What think ye o'
that, Harbour Master?"
He spoke in hoarse tones.
"Choose your own
way," replied the Harbour
Master placidly. "If you

The mate, standing by the companion, saw what had happened.

growing gloom the troubled waves showed ghostly as they chased each other to the south with muffled roar. "Well," said the skipper, "an' even if it is blowin' a bit, what are steam-boats for but to shove out into it? To hear a lot o' you youngsters talk one 'ud think you'd never been out in aught but a ferry-boat on a river, an' at you'd never drunk anything stronger nor pap. I'd my way I'd push you into an old smack an' shove you out into a real smart breeze—an' let you sink or swim. It's t'only way to make men."

wim. It's t'only way to make men."

"Listen to sense!" snapped the third hand, who was privileged person, being by marriage related to the

a privileged person, seeing skipper.

"There's none goin'," answered the skipper, with another laugh. He shook himself free.

"Hang it, then!" exclaimed the third hand, "if you won't listen to me, come an' ask the 'Arbour Master when you pay the dues. He's inside."

[Continued overleaf.

# WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT THE SAVOY: U.S. NAVY LEAGUE BANQUET.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

Bust of Washington.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid.



MR. WHITELAW REID'S AFTER-DINNER SPEECH TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY LEAGUE.

The United States Navy League celebrated Washington's birthday, February 22, by a dinner at the Savoy Restaurant. About one hundred and fifty members of the League were present, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, presided. Mr. Henry Pruger appropriately decorated the charming Louis Seize room for the occasion with his usual artistic taste. The American and English flags were interspersed with beautiful floral designs, and over all was an American eagle, from whose beak streamed ribbons of international colours.

"She may get somewhere," said the Harbour Master, when he had seen the last of the steam-boat, "but there's one thing sure—she'll never get north."

"An' she'll nivver come back," observed an old seaman named Eli, one of the harbour staff. "They tell me 'at there's brass enough i' that belt to start a bank. To go away i' weather like this wi' all that gold on board is more nor a sin—it's suicide. To think o' that Ferrless being lost makes me feel poorly. wife can get another 'usband easy enough—an' a sight better nor 'im, too—but gold once lost is allus lost. That

Steam-boat'll nivver come back—mark my words."

Throughout the night the *Fearless* thrashed eastward, because she could not get to the north by so much as a mile. Sea after sea swept over the entire length of her, and wind and water made a roar of noise in which the shouts of the skipper and his crew were only feebly heard. There was little to shout for except to learn whether, after each break of sea on board, all was well; and sometimes to hail, in hoarse warning tones that were lest in the furious correction. tones that were lost in the furious commotion of the gale ghostly forms of steamers which were going south, lumbering shapes whose captains, harassed with doubts and burdened with responsibility, peered from high bridges into the black night.

When daylight came with long-drawn slowness, the Fearless was in the ruthless turmoil of the torn waters of the edge of the Dogger, and for three unbroken days and nights she was thrashed and hurled about.

During that long time of heavy weather and persistent misery, the avarice of Skinflint Sam grew upon and fearly police od him. There was no hard work to hand finally preserved him. There was no nard work to keep his mind from brooding upon what he took to be a per end wise g, for fi hing was entirely suspended.

Liele by liele the mare instilled his own bitternessing the rest of the crew, with here a hint and there a

broad suggestion, according to the hearer's receptivity The remarks were frank and to the point, since subtlety

"I'm with you in thinkin' it's a rotten shame he came to sea," said the chief engineer, "and that it's worse of him to cling to all that gold. Every man to his trade—an' the skipper's isn't bankin'."

"It's more like thieving," declared the second

engineer resentfully.

"I'd rather have my little bit in a bank ashore nor in this steam-boat." observed the trimmer. "What's goin' to 'appen when the coal's done?—an' I can tell you there's nearly complete starvation in these blessed

"He'll burn the trunks, an' he's quite capable o' rippin' off every bit o' wood aboard for the fires," said

rippin' off every bit o' wood aboard for the fires," said the chief.

"An' then," observed the trimmer, "suppose a toppin' sea comes an' smacks 'er when there's no keepin' her up to 'at?"

"She'll capsize," announced the mate definitely.

"What's to be done?" the chief continued.

"There's only one thing, as far as I can see, an' that's for somebody to tackle the skipper an' tell him we've decided to ask him to run for shelter, because it's no weather for stoppin' out in any longer, especially when coal's run short. An' I think the man to do it is naturally Skinflint Sam. For one thing, he's the mate, an' for another, he's already had a few words with the old man, so a few more won't count. Shall we let it old man, so a few more won't count. Shall we let it stand at that?" "Very well," agreed the mate. "I'll do it. You'll have to give us the cabin clear to ourselves, so we can talk freely."

"We'll do that," the chief promised readily, and he at once returned to the engine-room, his second and

the trimmer accompanying him.

The third hand went to the wheel and relieved the skipper, who joined the mate in the cabin.

The skipper did not speak, and the mate watched him while he are and draph.

him while he ate and drank. At last the mate broke the silence. "Skipper," he said.

"the Dogger's too much for you this time, isn't it?"
"Who says that?" demanded the skipper gruffly
"We all do," the mate replied.
The skipper deliberately ignored the answer.
"You'll never get past the spot where we are now,"

continued the mate.
"Then I'll stop out here for ever!" vowed the

skipper. He laughed loudly and turned his bloodshot eyes towards the skylight. The spindrift of the gale was crusted on his smarting face in a layer of salt; and the bitter cold had frozen the moisture into little icicles in his tangled beard.

There was a Dutchman 'at talked like that once,

"There was a Dutchman 'at talked like that once, said the mate with harsh solemnity. "An' 'im an' 'is in their phantom ship are still tryin' to get round the Cape, an' there's still written on the sky the awful oath he swore—'Until the Day of Judgment!'"

The skipper laughed again. "If all the fiends 'at ever went into the Pit were flyin' over the North Sea on the wings of this cursed breeze," he said, "I wouldn't turn an' run for it. Not after what I told the Harbour turn an' run for it. Not after what I told the Harbour Master. Turn back an' be laughed at! Not me!"
"You needn't go to Rockborough again," said the mate. "Try some other port."

. "Try some other port." He'd hear an' know, and that 'ud be enough an'

as bad," rejoined the skipper.
"Then if you won't do it for yourself, do it for us,"

said the mate almost pleadingly.
"I'm master here," replied the skipper sourly, "an'
I've said my say. The steam-boat's partly mine."
"Our lives are our own," said the mate, with

"I'm not wantin' 'em,'' the skipper answered.
"You're takin' 'em," the mate told him.
"Shut up!" ordered the skipper sternly.

"Not till I've settled this business with you," said mate firmly. "Think of your wife—an' mine." the mate firmly.

"They'd rather see us dead as brave men nor livin' as cowards," the skipper asserted.
"There are the childer," continued the mate

doggedly. 're goin' to 'em as hard as we can get The skipper again laughed harshly as he "But you needn't be afraid now—this breeze north." spoke.

can't last for ever, an' if she 's weathered three days of

it she'll see the rest through.

"I can't listen to talk like that," the mate went "I'm authorised by the rest to ask you to do two things—to divide the money and to turn the steam-boat's head for harbour. The main point's the money."
"An' why should I divide the money?" asked the

So that if the worst comes to the worst each man'll

have his share," said the mate.
"But if the worst comes to the worst," replied the "But if the worst comes to the worst," replied the skipper, "each man will sink the sooner if he's weighted down wi' gold. No, no, I'll be the banker still. I'll keep the money an' I'll divide it when I get home. That's what I'll do. It's fair enough. An' if you want to know the reason why, I'll give it to you—I'll do it becoss I've said I'll do it. That's all."

There was a dangerous pause. Then the mate said, "We'll let the matter o' the gold stand by. But will you turn her and run somewhere for shelter?"

"I'll do neither," vowed the skipper.

"Very well," said the mate, "I'm to tell you that if you won't of your own free will, you'll be made to do it."

"Make me!" said the skipper defiantly.

There was another pause, then, above the roaring of the wind and sea, the skipper's voice scoffingly repeated, "Make me!"

"We're desperate men," growled the mate, warn-

'We're desperate men," growled the mate, warningly. "I'm just as desperate—an' more!" declared the

skipper. For a moment the mate's courage failed. He remembered hearing people say that the skipper's grandfather had died at sea, raving, in a gale like this; and it had been prophesied of the skipper that such a fate would

"Skipper," said the mate solemnly, "you're dealing wi' men who are as determined as you. You're one to seven, remember, an' you're called upon to abide by their will. Are you goin' to do it?"

"I've given my answer," replied the skipper. He

took a pipe and a box of matches from his pocket before he added, "So, Skinflint Sam, you're not only a dirty miser, but you're a leader of mutiny!"

"We've got our rights as well as you," said the

"The only rights you've got is to do what you're told," retorted the skipper. "An' I'm going to see 'at you do. Tell these cattle on board 'at there's only one vou do. Tell these cattle on board 'at there's only one skipper in this steam-boat—an' that I'll run for shelter when I'm forced—an' that isn' likely to be until she sinks! As for you an' your greed o' gold, I'll keep the belt till the bitter end, if only to spite you for the tricks you've done, an' the mean thoughts you've had. I'm not blind, an' I'm not deaf, an' I know 'at most of the men on board aren't clever enough to plot unless they've been put up to it. That settles it, doesn't it?''

"No," declared the mate. "It doesn't. The coal's run short, there's no fishing to be done, an' there's no ice for packin', even if you got a good haul—what's the use, then, o' stoppin' out here?'' He spoke in fierce and hopeless bewilderment. "What do you do it for?''

"Becoss I've said I would—that's all," answered the skipper. "I'll stop out if this breeze lasts a week longer, an' if I'm forced to burn every trunk an' bit o' wood on board to keep the boilers goin'. That's plain, isn't it? I like to be understood."

"So do I," retorted the mate, in a burst of passion, "an' that brings me to my own private point. Hand over my share o' that gold!"

"an' that brings me to my own private point. Hand over my share o' that gold!"

By way of answer the skipper rose from the table and turned his back on the mate. Straddling his great legs in front of the hot little stove, he struck a match.

Over the stove was a small silvered glass, obscured for the most part by a muffler which had been soaked with salt water and was drying; but a corner of the mirror was clear, and what the skipper saw reflected in it made him drop the match, clutch his pipe in his left hand, and turn swiftly round with clenched fist. he did so he confronted the mate, whose face was livid with hate, and almost touched his own.

The mate's right hand was poised in air, and gripped in it was a great pocket-knife, with open glittering blade. In another instant the blade would have fallen—somewhere near the base of the skipper's neck, and the skipper knew as well as he knew his Dogger that the end of his career would have been reached. And yet all he said was, "Skinflint I knew you to be, Sam, but murderer I never expected. An' you'd risk your neck an' soul an' shame your family for ever for a bit o' gold! Hand us that knife."

The mate mutely obeyed.

"I'll be back in a second," said the skipper, and left the cabin.

left the cadin.

"I suppose," said the mate bitterly, when the skipper returned, "'at you've been to call in a witness or two, so's to go for me for attempted murder, or threats, or something 'at'll break me? An' me such a poor man, wi' a sick wife an' a big fam'ly."

"No," answered the skipper quietly. "I've only

"No," answered the skipper quietly. "I've only chucked that knife overboard. I shouldn't fancy you 'aving it, after temptation like that. We'll settle up when we go ashore—an' then, Sam, I think we'll part as shipmates. I don't care to live with a man who's got his knife into me—or wants to. You turn in, an', unless you say anything about this little affair, nobody'll be any wiser for it. I'm goin' to the wheel to take a spell. I think I can't trust anybody else just now."

He went on deck, entered the little enclosed, glassfronted wheelhouse, and sent the third hand below.

The mate, almost shamefacedly, turned into his dark bunk and tried to sleep. But at last he also went on deck, still with the thirst of gold and murder in his heart.

As he emerged from the companion he saw a huge sea towering ahead, and almost as soon as the danger was observed the Fearless was struck and swept.

The skipper was the only man on deck, and being in the wheel house, he was theoretically safe; but the wheel-house was wrecked and the wheel was spun round by the thrust of the sea against the rudder. Despite his wondrous strength and grim determination, the skipper was spun with it, and was hurled against the side of the

structure. A heavy roll of the steam-boat sent the door of the wheel-house flying open, and the skipper, stunned and helpless, fell upon the deck. Those who were below heard the noise and felt the shock; but by this time they were hardened to the violence of the Fearless, and, as

there was no call, they did not go on deck.

The mate, standing by the companion, saw what had happened, and instinctively made his way forward as quickly as the vessel's furious motion allowed.

Another wave overwhelmed the Fearless and deluged

The mate clung to a rail until the smother of water

the mate clong to a ran until the smother of water had returned to the sea; then he looked at the torn spot where the wheel-house had stood. There was no sign of the skipper, and the mate saw that he had been carried overboard with some of the deck gear and was floating near the steam-boat. His head was just above the surface of the water, and he convulsively clutched after the which had been carried away. It was with a fish-trunk which had been carried away. It was with the left hand that he supported himself, the right being under water, as if it had been disabled. The skipper's temporary unconsciousness had vanished through the shock of the immersion, and he was fully in possession

shock of the immersion, and he was fully in possession of his senses, and fighting desperately for life.

Even in his extremity the skipper uttered no cry of fear, and raised no shout for help. He saw only one man on the torn deck, and that was the man who only an hour before had sought his life, and from whom therefore he could not and did not expect mercy.

The mate also looked—with hard eyes in which there was no gleam of pity. "Greedy devil!" he murmured bitterly. "Let him drown! The ballast 'at 's pullin' 'im down 's 'is own doin'. It isn't mine. Providence has worked this." has worked this."

He stared over the rail, fascinated; and his eyes met those of the skipper, still clinging to his frail support, still hungeringly looking to the *Fearless* for the help which did not come, and still stubbornly resolved to die rather than utter a cry for salvation at the hands of his

Then the mate's eyes were suddenly illumined with a strange new light, and a new and overpowering feeling

possessed him.

He shouted down the companion, "Rouse up, boys, rouse! The skipper's overboard!" And as the crew tumbled up he threw his coat aside, dragged off his tumbled up he threw his coat aside, dragged off his great heavy boots, and plunged into the sea, with all the chances against him of either rescuing the skipper or saving himself. But he struck out undauntedly towards the skipper and gripped and held him to the fish-trunk. He caught a tope which was thrown from the deck of the *Fearless*, and with which the two of them were slowly hauled in. He also refused to leave the water until the skipper was safe on board, and then it was touch-and-go with death for him, since the rope slipped from his cold, numb hands, and he was only clutched and held as a wave swept him high above the rail. He was dumped on the streaming deck after the fashion of a trunk of fish which is boarded in bad weather.

They got the two below and warmed and fed them;

then they turned to the handling of the Fearless—still to the north, which was when the sun was red and low in a hard sky, and in obedience to the undeviating order of

the skipper.

The skipper was the first to break an awkward silence. "Did you notice what I did when I was in the water?" he asked. He turned up his sodden waistcoat once more, and the mate saw that the belt was no longer there. "I had to let it go," added the skipper, "or it would ha' dragged me down like a stone. I slipped it as would ha dragged me down like a stone. I supped it as easy as the cod-end o' the trawl. After all, a man doesn't want to sink if there's a chance o' floatin'."

The mate did not answer, and the skipper continued, "But it was a narrer squeak, all the same, eh?"

"Fairly," agreed the mate. "But it's one o' the squeaks you get used to on the North Sea."

"Same and the chipper with a bitter sich "I

Sam," continued the skipper with a bitter sigh, "I don't want to be mean, becoss you dragged me back from kingdom come; but there's allus a reason for everything 'at's done in this world. Shall I tell you what I think's the reason why you've saved me when you'd made up your mind to let me go?"

"Well?" asked the mate.

"Becoss, Sam, you wanted your share o' the gold. No wonder so many men have written so much about

"You're wrong, skipper," replied the mate quietly. "I jumped in after you becoss, thank God, I saw in a flash what a miserable skunk I'd been—an' saw just as clearly 'at one good turn deserves another. That's all. It's nothing—but I'm glad it was that and not not the other thing, which was the temptation of the devil an' poverty. I've done wi' that belt. I'm glad it's gene, and the gold with it. P'raps some day a lucky drag will bring it up, an' then there'll be all soits o' wild tales as to how it got there."

The skipper laughed loud and long. He smacked the mate on the back, and laughed again. "Sam,"

the mate on the back, and laughed again. "Sam." he shouted joyously, "we've both got a bit o' daylight let into us this trip me to; to play the feel any more an' yen not to let avarice overceme you, we've learnt our lesson very cheap, after all, for we've learnt our lesson very cheap, after all, for that old belt had nothing in it but a few ha'pennies! I did send on the money through a bank—as if I'd be such a fool as to come to sea in weather like this with a belt o' gold! So you see what I meant when I told you 'at you couldn't have it, eh? An' you nearly did murder, an' I nearly got drowned, all through what we might call a slight misunderstandin'! Well! well!" The mate turned to leave the cabin.
"Sam," added the skipper kindly, "you'll get your share all right, an' a trifle over for the peorly missis. And if you like, we'll be shipmates still, eh?"

By way of answer Skirilint Sam wrung the skipper's

By way of answer Skieffint Sam wrung the skipper's

by way of alser Skirfinkt Sain writing the skipper's hand, and there was moisture on his checks which was not from the spindrift of the Dogger.

"Now," commanded the skipper heartily, "just step on deck an' see 'at she's bein' kept on her course, Nor'-Nor'-West, mind, for I never broke my word when I said I'd do a thing, an' I'm geing to make Aberdeen. I'd rather perish nor run back to that old Rockborough an' be laughed at!"

THE LND.



THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SOKOTO: A SQUARE WITH MAXIMS.



EXPEDITIONARY TROOPS: A ROYAL SALUTE.



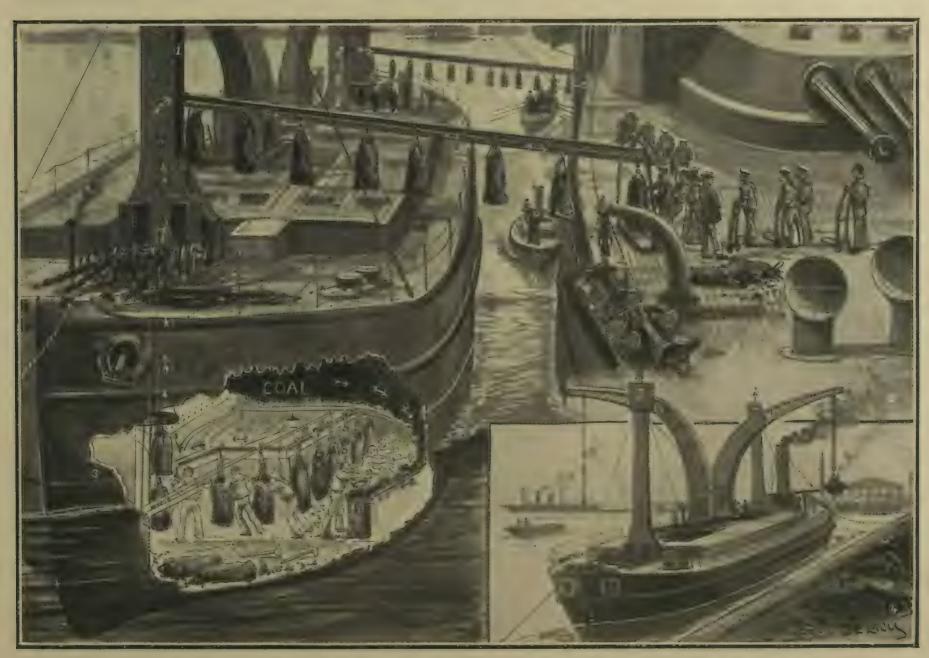
NIGERIAN TROOPS AT GUN PRACTICE NEAR LOKOJA.



DIPLOMACY AT WORK: A CONFERENCE WITH AN EMIR.

## THE RISING IN NIGERIA AND MURDER OF BRITISH OFFICERS: MILITARY SCENES AT SOKOTO AND LOKOJA.

Sir Frederick Lugard has unfortunately had to confirm the report that the British garrison near Sokoto had been attacked and three officers had been killed. The disaster is attributed to the horses having bolted, thus breaking the square. The garrison at Sokoto is said to be quite safe. Reinforcements were expected to reach that town on the 28th. An expeditionary force that left Lokoja three weeks ago has been recalled.



- 1. THE LIGHTER DEPÔT, CARRYING A THOUSAND TONS OF COAL.
- 3. THE INTERIOR OF THE LIGHTER DURING BAGGING AND TRANSPORT.
- 2. BATTLE-SHIP RECEIVING COAL FROM THE EXPRESS DEPÔT.
- 4. THE EXPRESS COAL-BAGGING DEPOT WITH ITS DERRICKS.

### SPEEDY COALING OF WAR-SHIPS IN HARBOUR: THE EXPRESS BAGGING DEPÔT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY.

The lighter, which is the patent of Messrs. Mackrow and Cameron, enables coal-bags to be filled without shovelling, and has appliances for transporting the filled bags very rapidly to vessels lying alongside. In the coal-filling room, here shown, the coal comes gradually down a bench, from which it is raked into bags. As soon as a bag is full it is hung upon overhead rails, along which it runs to the elevator. The bags are transferred at extraordinary speed in the direction shown by the arrows, and are delivered on the deck of a battle-ship at the rate of about a hundred tons an hour. In the centre of the craft are two high-speed two-and-a-half ton Cameron cranes for filling the lighter's own holds with coal, and for transporting bagged coal from barges to vessels requiring it on the other side. These cranes can pick up and set down their loads at any point outside a radius of eight feet and within a radius of forty feet.

### AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

TO understand all about tariffs and protection, and retaliation, and so forth, in general, is difficult. To the ordinary thinker it seems that, probably, circumstances alter cases, and that any nation has a right (that is, has the power) to say, "Free Trade is Good Absolute; not for us though; for we do not yet exist in the Absolute." So they place as much tariff as they please on the goods of any other nation, which prefers the Absolute Good but carrier get it. the Absolute Good but cannot get it.

You see we are obliged at once to use the language of rou see we are obliged at once to use the language of metaphysics, which is unpopular, but none the less is appropriate. Let us take a concrete case, which does not require a consideration of the Unconditioned. I take it from the columns of the Publisher's Circular. Messrs. Angus and Robertson, publishers and booksellers of Sydney, Australia, propose to clap a duty of 25 per cent. "on United States novels coming into Australia." They speak only of povels he it observed. They do not in their speak only of novels, be it observed. They do not, in their letters to the *Publisher's Circular*, propose to clap a heavy duty on American historical treatises, or poems, or essays, or works on anthropology, archæology, philology, seismology, psychology, and so forth. Can it be that such books are negligible quantities, and that only novels are worth thinking about?

Why do Messrs, Angus and Robertson want to tax American novels so high? If it were a mere matter of American novels so high? If it were a here matter of taste, if they do not care for American novels, "the Court is quite with them." American novels might be regarded as destitute aliens and "shoo'd" out of our island without limiting the range of my intellectual pleasures, though that is no reason why other people checkly here described on them. should be deprived of them.

The real reason is that Messrs. Angus and Robertson, if they have some new novels by Australian novelists to sell, cannot prevent the Americans from taking and publishing them without paying a cent for them, unless they have them printed in America, which costs a good deal of money. Or they can have them printed, not in Australia, but in America, and have American plates sent to them to print from in Sydney. I conceive that the Australian compositors would make a terrible hubbub, and probably strike, if their work was thus taken out of their hands. So Messrs Angus and Robertson fly to the idea of retaliation.

Is it worth while? Are there many Australian Are there many Australian novelists whose works would sell, at the price of an American novel, in America? I think not. If pirated, and sold at sixpence, perhaps Australian novelists would find a market in America; but, of course, they would not be one penny the richer. Methinks that very few British novelists find any appreciable profit in the American market. A few, a very few, may do so, but not the mass. The Americans have many flourishing schools of native novelists whom they greatly but not the mass. The Americans have many flourishing schools of native novelists, whom they greatly prefer to our men and women of genius, just as we prefer our native masterpieces, of which about a dozen appear every week. Australian students, as a writer in the *Publisher's Circular* justly remarks, will not see the fun of being prevented from getting American novels (which they seem to like) merely that Australian novelists may have a chance of picking up a few dollars in the American market without employing the American compositor. A foreign novelist really popular in America could afford to pay the American the American compositor. A foreign novelist really popular in America could afford to pay the American compositor and also the compositor of his own can compositor and also the compositor of his own dear native land. An unpopular novelist is not worth troubling about. A British or Australian author who is not a novelist need very seldom vex his soul by thinking of the American market at all. His best chance of being read in America lies in making no attempt to protect his copyright. In piratical editions he may, sometimes, reach the American public, but to win their suffrages in a copyright edition he must be a very remarkable savant indeed, or a historian at least as popular as Carlyle and Macaulay were in their life. as popular as Carlyle and Macaulay were in their lifetime; and, in their days, we pirated the Americans, and they pirated us. It may be little to the credit of human nature, but American new books were much more widely diffused in England, and English new books were much diffused in England, and English new books were much more widely diffused in America, in the old days when both peoples flew the Jolly Roger, than is the case now. To be sure, they were much better books. How we pirated Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Mark Twain, Holmes, and Whittier! How gaily they retaliated on our Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, and Macaulay! This was what you may call Free Trade, and, as an author not furiously popular, I do not care how soon we all revert to the old Homeric practice of the rovers of the sea.

As novels (and nothing else in the literary way counts) are not precisely a necessity, and as both we and the Americans have novelists who amply supply all home needs, we, at least, cannot retaliate on each other. We could boycott American romances, and they could boycott British fiction, and only a very few people. could boycott British fiction, and only a very few people, not a dozen in each country, would be one penny the worse. When it comes to things to eat, the question takes a totally different aspect. Probably the Australian Commonwealth will not begin retaliating, though we learn that Australian novelists have already been pirated in America. Do not let the novelists inforther than the product of the control of in America. Do not let the novelists infer that, because the Americans pirate them, they would sell in unpirated

How good a thing it is, in schoolboy phrase, "to have the cheek taken out of one"! This has just been my lot, in an unusual way. There is a very strange and melan-choly event in the history of Scotland. By an accident I was led last week to look into it closely, by the process of grubbing in manuscript royal account-books and other records. Having found out what actually did happen, I wrote a paper about it all, giving first the statements of several old and modern historians, who were all in the wrong. When I had finished my essay were all in the wrong. When I had finished my essay it occurred to me to look at what I myself had written on the matter in my "History." Mine was the most erroneous version of the lot!

### CHESS.

To Correspondents.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Sorrento, E. J. Winter Wood, and Others.—We have communicated your complimentary remarks to the composer in question.

J. Dallin Paul.—We have both problems under consideration, but we have to bring ourselves to face some subsequent trouble if they are published, owing to the varying opinions on the legality of the play.

H. Rodney (Chancey Lane).—Amended diagram to hand with thanks. GIRINDRA CHANDRA MUKHARJI (Bengal).-Your problem shall have

attention.

J J J (Frampton).—If you have got the position as we published it, surely 3. Kt to Kt 3rd (mate) is the completion of your sequence of moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3216 received from Laurent Changuion (St. Helena Bay, Cape Colony); of No. 3219 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur, India); of No. 3222 from A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3223 from D Newton (Lisbon), Novice (Dublin), A G Bagot (Dublin), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3224 from Sorrento, E G Rodway (Trowbridge) E J Winter Wood, David Weir (Fivemiletown), A W Roberts (Sandhurst), A J Pereira Machado (Lisbon), H S Brandreth (Rome), T Roberts, H J Plumb (Sandhurst), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local William Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2222 received from Local Mills of Problem

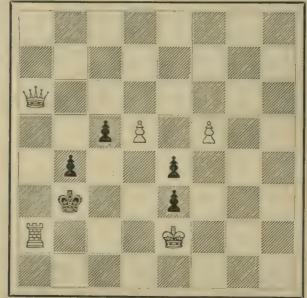
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3225 received from Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), F A Hancock (Bristol), R F Holloway (Manchester), Albert Wolff (Putney), F Henderson (Leeds), R Franks (Brixton), and R Worters (Canterbury).

Solution of Problem No. 3224.—By J. W. Abbott.

1. K to Q 7th K to K 4th
2. Kt to Kt 6th
3. Q or K t mates

If Black play 1. B to K 4th, 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch), and if 1. B to Q 5th, 2. Kt to Kt 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3227 .- BY A. W. DANIEL-



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves

### CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. W. Ward and P. Healey.

|                  | (Ruj          |
|------------------|---------------|
| WHITE (Mr. H.)   | BLACK (Mr. W. |
| I. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th    |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th   | Kt to B 3rd   |
| 4. P to Q 3rd    | P to Q 3rd    |
| 5. P to B 3rd    | P to K Kt 3rd |
| 6. Q Kt to Q 2nd |               |
|                  |               |

6.
7. Kt to B sq
8. Kt to K 3rd
9. B to R 4th
10. B to B 2nd
11. Q to K 2nd
12. P takes P
13. Kt takes Kt
14. B to K 3rd
15. Castles Q R Castles
P to K R 3rd
K to R 2nd
P to Q 4th
B to K 3rd
Kt takes P

8. P to K R 4th P to K R 4th

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. W.) B to B 5th P takes P

Kt takes B K R to K sq Q R to Q sq R takes R R to K 2nd P to Kt 5th R P takes P
P takes P (ch)
P takes P
Q takes P

### CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Franklin Chess Club, Philadelphia, between Messrs. Groots and Stadleman.

(Philidor's Defence.) BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. G.) P to K 4th
P to Q 3rd
Kt to K B 3rd
B to K 2nd
Kt to Q 2nd P to K 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
P to Q 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
B to B 4th 9. P to K B 4th 10. Castles 11. B takes P Q Kt to Kt 5th Kt to R 2nd 12. Q to Q 3rd 13. B to Q 2nd If K to K or B sq the Queen is lost; if K to Kt sq the Queen's Rook falls to the irresistible cavaller. On the other hand, Black's defence is now very difficult. 13. Kt takes
14. P to K 5th (ch) K to R (ch)
15. Kt to K 4th
16. P takes Kt P takes
17. P takes Kt (ch) Resigns.

We regret to announce the death, after a prolonged illness, of Mr. Frank Healey, the foremost of English problem-composers, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. No name is more familiar to the chess world than that of the author of the Bristol problem, and no one so long maintained the pre-eminence of his position. For over half a century his work has exercised our wits and commanded our admiration, and its quality showed no deterioration with the passing years. He was the contemporary of Staunton, Buckle, and Morphy in their prime, and he was famous before the stars of Steintz, Zukertort, and Blackburne had risen. Of his art we have scarcely space to speak. Beauty and elegance were its distinguishing features, and originality its keynote. In the dedication to him of "English Chess Problems," the editors testify to the profound influence he exerted on modern compositions, and it is safe to say that in conjunction with J. B., of Bridport, and Grimshaw he founded the English school as we know it to-day. He was not greatly attracted by problem competitions, but in his early career he carried off the chief prizes in the Bristol, Manchester, and Birmingham tournaments. A volume of his problems was published in 1866, but it has long been out of print, and commands a high price in the market.

### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE BODY.

"A MONG all your dissertations which keep your readers abreast of scientific discoveries," writes a correspondent, "you have never, so far as I am aware, touched on the cell-constitution of the living body, nor have you referred to the interesting question of the work of cells at large." My correspondent is not quite correct in his statement. It is true, I have not specifically devoted one of our weekly articles to the consideration of the "cell" as the living unit whence all things living proceed, but I have certainly, from time to time, had occasion to refer to the important duties which cells discharge in the vital economy. discharge in the vital economy.

Suppose a person to inquire how much of, say, a human body is really alive, what form or shape would the scientific reply take? In the first place, the inquirer would be informed that only those parts which had "protoplasm'' as their essential substance could be regarded as vital in nature. This protoplasm is the "physical basis of life," as Huxley long ago termed it. Differing, no doubt, as it does in its nature in animals and plants, and in high animals and in low ones, and possessing a complexity of organisation such as the naturalists ing a complexity of organisation such as the naturalists of even a quarter of a century ago did not suspect, protoplasm still remains before us as the veritable "life-stuff," It is the formal clay of the potter Life, which is shaped and baked in the vital pottery, here into the brick, and there into the costly vase. Clearly, therefore, it is only those parts of an animal or plant that are protoplasmic in their nature which can claim to be living parts at all. living parts at all.

This living matter utilises material of all kinds in the building of the body. It takes phosphate of lime for the bones, for example; but that mineral, fabricated and fashioned into our skeleton, is not alive. The parts which are living in a bone are the protoplasm-cells, which are the bone-makers. Now, all other tissues of the frame are in like condition. Whether they be actively vital like muscle or whether they are less typically vital, like muscle, or whether they are less typically living, like a sinew, their active constituent is protoplasm. If we have settled so much, the next stage in our inquiry is that which leads us to note that our our inquiry is that which leads us to note that our our living matter is disposed through the body in the form of "cells." I have lived long enough to have witnessed a veritable "battle of the cells," wherein opinions regarding these vital units were hurled hither and thither between opposing sides on the field of fight. I have seen the idea of the "cell" become transmogrified and altered so that the original concept was practically lost and obliterated. The battle arose in natural fashion out of the advance of microscopical inquiry. The research of one day was coverned. scopical inquiry. The research of one day was overthrown by the newer conceptions of the next. It is always the same in science. You need not hope for finality in any branch of research; for knowledge grows "from more to more," as the thoughts of men widen and as the means of acquiring knowledge extend.

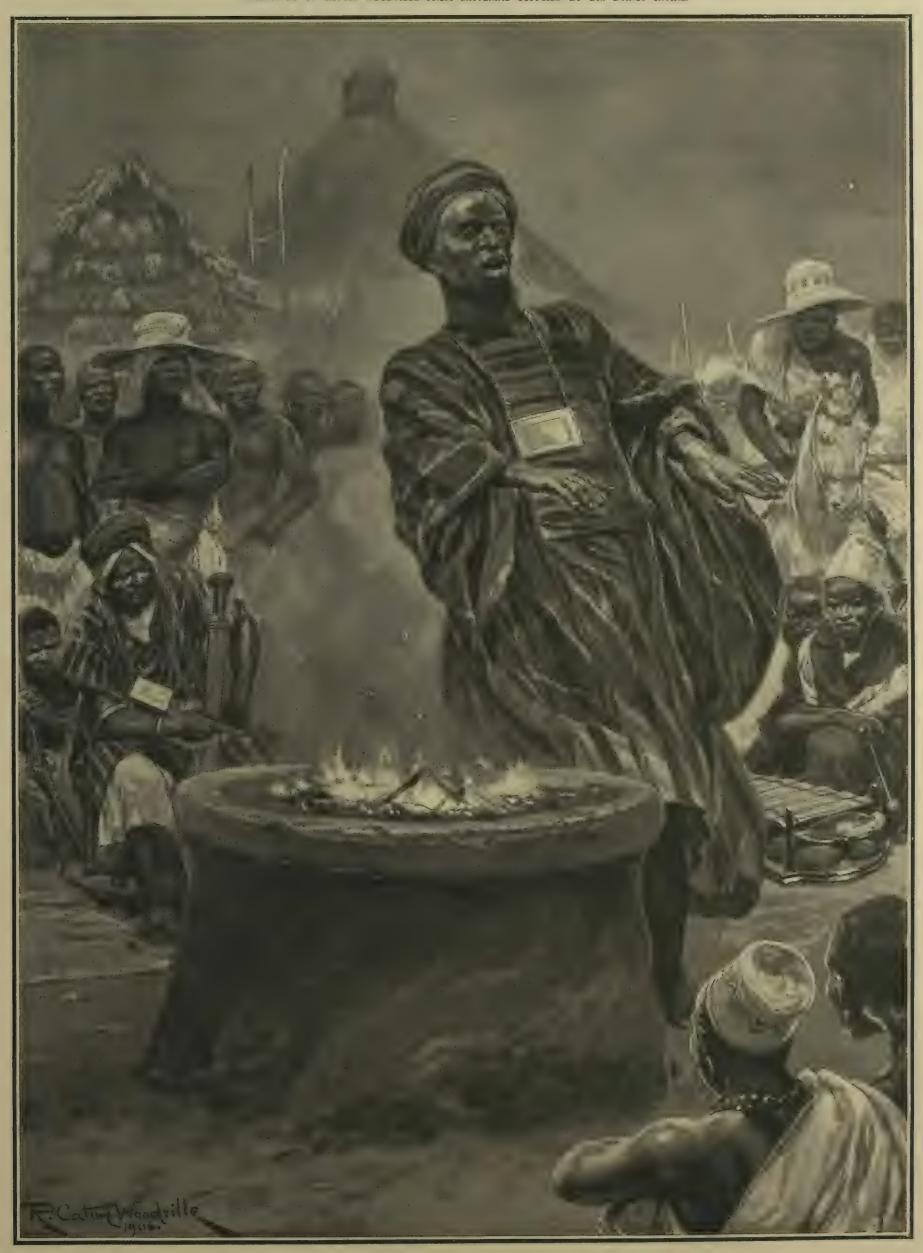
By a "cell" we mean to indicate a microscopic living unit of the living body. It is always a minute thing. The biggest cell measures in diameter the one hundred and twentieth part of an inch. The smallest may measure anything from the six or seven thousandth part of an inch. part of an inch to the ten-thousandth part. There are many grades in cells—that is to say, in their complexity and in their organisation. A single cell may constitute a perfect animal or plant of low type. A yeast-plant is a single cell; so is that animalcule the Amœba. What we require in a cell is living matter, to start with. A little mass of protoplasm living by itself is a cell. It may have nothing else to present to view saye its living substance, apparently structureless, but save its living substance, apparently structureless, but it is none the less a living unit. It can eat, digest, move, and reproduce its kind, and the highest organism can do no more. Some cells have higher duties to discharge than others, therefore Dame Nature, with her unerright organisms contain of these units. her unerring foresight, organises certain of these units for a more complex life than that led by their fellows.

A brain or nerve cell is much higher in the social scale of cell life than a cell of the skin. A liver-cell, judging by what it does, is a more complex and more judging by what it does, is a more complex and more important cell than, say, one which manufactures the tears. With this rise in the importance of the duties cells perform, we find a consequent complexity of structure, such as, however, the microscope is not always able to trace out in a satisfactory manner. The simple speck of living matter thus develops a wall or investing medium. In the cell body there appears a particle called the "nucleus," and attached to this a smaller particle we term the "nucleolus." These are the reproductive centres of our living units. They play their part in the making of new cells, and of thus increasing the in the making of new cells, and of thus increasing the cell population when need arises, and where such increase is possible. Just as the single cell which represents the lowest animal and the lowest plant can multiply itself and nourish itself, so the cells that have come to form part of the constitution of our own bodies repeat each, in its history, the same round of duties as do their lower neighbours of the pool and the water-drop.

Knowing what cells are, we are now prepared to understand something of the constitution of the living body. While the low animal is a single cell, the high animal is a commonwealth of cells. In the body's development they have been multiplied so as to present us with groups of living units discharging duties as disconsibled in their pattern are the trades and avocations. diversified in their nature as are the trades and avocations of mankind. We have brain-cells to govern us; liver-cells to make bile and to do other and more important work in the liver's history; cells to make saliva, gastric juice, sweetbread juice, and other fluids of use in the digestion of food; cells to make tears to wash the eyes; cells to make and to repair our bones; and cells to repair the constant loss of material to which the outer skin is subject. This is the real constitution of the body-a commonwealth of cells under a government, that of the nerve-cells. And not the least wonder of all is that the whole body arises at the start from a single cell—the egg or germ. ANDREW WILSON.

# THE MURDER OF BRITISH OFFICERS IN NIGERIA: A PROBABLE CAUSE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DR. D'ARCY IRVINE.



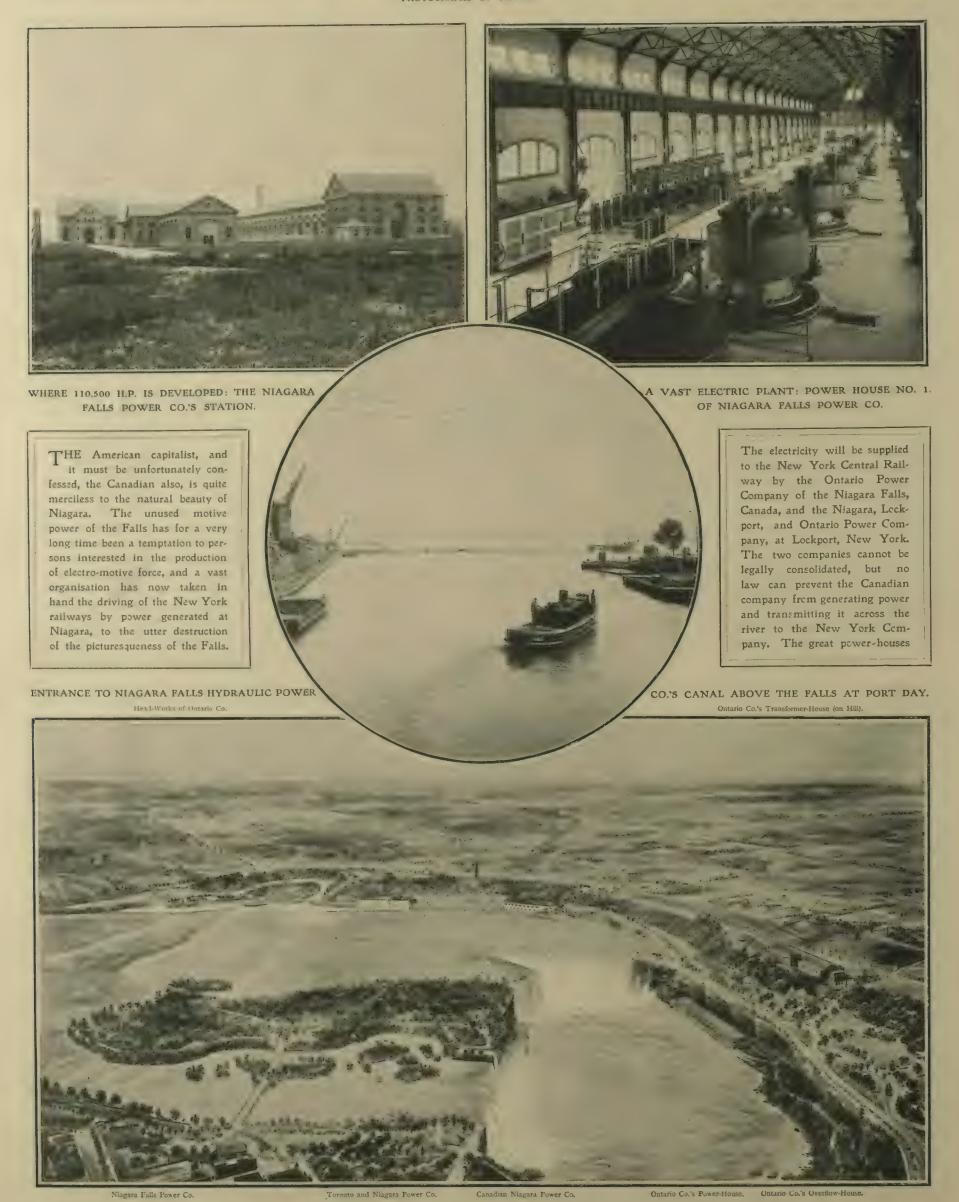
A HADJI, ON HIS RETURN FROM MECCA, PREACHING A HOLY WAR AGAINST THE INFIDEL AT SOKOTO.

When a pilgrim returns from Mecca wearing the green turban which is the badge of his saintliness, he gathers his friends round an open hearth of clay on which a large fire has been kindled.

While the fire burns the company remain on their knees at prayer; but as soon as it begins to die the saint leaps to his feet and begins the story of his pilgrimage. He praises Mecca as a place where there are no Christians, and contrasts it with the European occupation of Africa. From this it is but a step to fierce exhortation to a holy war.

# THE DISFIGUREMENT OF NIAGARA IN THE INTERESTS OF COMMERCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALLOU.



THE DISFIGUREMENT OF NIAGARA FALLS BY ELECTRIC POWER STATIONS.

Correspondence has been going on between Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Root, the United States Secretary, on the question of saving Niagara from the inroads of industrial enterprise. When the Commission on International Waterways has reported, it is believed that a treaty will be arranged between Great Britain and the United States for the preservation of the Falls.

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST WATERFALL RUINED TO SUPPLY ELECTRICITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALLOU.

WHERE 100,000 HORSE-POWER IS DEVELOPED: POWER STATION No. 2. AND TAIL-RACE OF OLD MILLS.

to be erected on the banks of the Niagara River, and the tremendous excavations for turbine pits, will hopelessly mar the landscape, and although an American paper assures us that at least one of the powerhouses is "an artistic stone The turbines will be placed in a huge excavation, which is shown in our Illustration. The original Dufferin Islands, formerly a very charming part of the picture, have been increased in area, and several entirely new islands, measuring about

AVERSAND STATE

OVERFLOW-HOUSE OF ONTARIO POWER CO.

building, the roof of which forms a broad promenade, commanding an exceptionally fine view" of the rapids, it is impossible to be very much comforted thereby. Head-works will be situated in the smooth water of the upper river above the first line of rapids opposite the

RETAINING - WALLS OF UPPER WORKS, ONTARIO POWER CO.

150,000 cubic yards, have been made of the rocks taken from the bed of the river during the work of deepening. Niagara, indeed, will soon have the appearance of a vast factory. The main generators and their turbines directly connected are the only machines placed on the

THE HUGE 18 - FEET CONDUIT.
ONTARIO POWER CO.: JOINING
A SECTION.

Dufferin Islands, and three main flumes are to lead the water through the park to a point in the cliff below the falls, thence through tunnels to the generating station in the gorge, and lastly to the distributing stations. The main waterway is built of steel plates half an inch in thickness, with double riveted joints, and the pipe will be laid in a trench.



A 1785-FEET DEEP WHEEL-PIT FOR TURBINES.

The pit is 18 feet wide, and will contain the turbines to drive the Niagara Palls
Power Co.'s Electric Generators.

OUTLET OF DISCHARGE-TUNNEL OF NIAGARA FALLS POWER CO.

Each turbine unit is mounted on a horizontal shaft operating at 187'5 revolutions a minute and rated at 11,400 horse-power. Six of the twenty main generators provided for the general plan make up the first installation. The total floor - space occupied by a unit, consisting of a generator and its turbine, is about 26 by 50 feet.

### NIGHTFALL IN THE JUNGLE: A WILD-ELEPHANT DEEVE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES IN MYSORE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



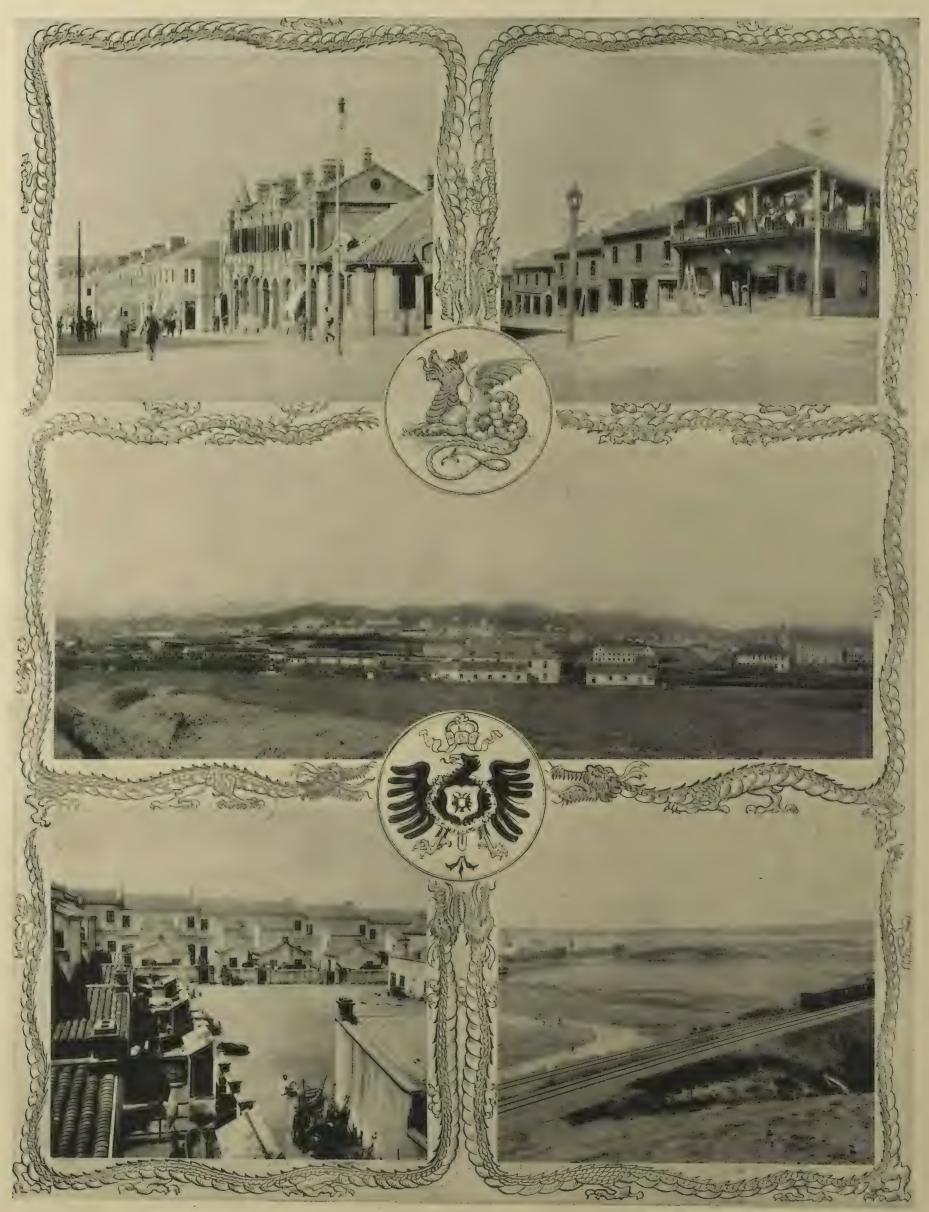
### THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE WILD ELEPHANTS ON THE KABANNI RIVER, MYSORE.

Mr. Begg writes: "The shouting of the beaters, the blowing of horns, and the occasional report of fire-arms had ceased for some minutes. It was rapidly growing came quietly out of the forest. The elephants forded the stream at a shallow part, and then came in the direction of the royal party, passing close underneath

dark, and we doubted whether any wild elephants would be seen that evening, when a movement was observed at the other side of the river, and the herd the bank. By standing up cautiously and looking over the bushes, it was possible to get a good view of the huge creatures looming up through the dusk."

## WHERE THE KAISER HAS RELAXED HIS GRIP: EVACUATED KIAUCHAU.

STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



SHANTUNG STREET, KIAUCHAU.

GERMAN-BUILT HOUSES FOR CHINESE IN KIAUCHAU. THE KAISER'S EXPENSIVE LUXURY IN THE FAR EAST: THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF KIAUCHAU, CONSTRUCTED WITH GERMAN MONEY. WESTERN MASONRY AND ARCHITECTURE IN KIAUCHAU. THE GREAT GERMAN HARBOUR AT KIAUCHAU.

In virtue of an agreement between the German Governor-General of Kizuchau and the Chinese Governor of Shantung, Kizuchau was evacuated by the Germans in January. The garrison went home, and the Chinese undertook the protection of the territory leased to Germany and the German-built railway. Germany established herself in Kiauchau in 1897 as an offset to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur: and the outcry which immediately ensued against the British Government for letting slip this opportunity in the Far East led to the hasty lease of Wei-Hai-Wei, which was fortified at a cost of three million pounds, only to prove uscless. If the Kaiser relaxed his grip here, he is seeking to tighten it in Morocco.

# A NEW USE FOR THE MOTOR CYCLE: SKI AND CYCLE TANDEMS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

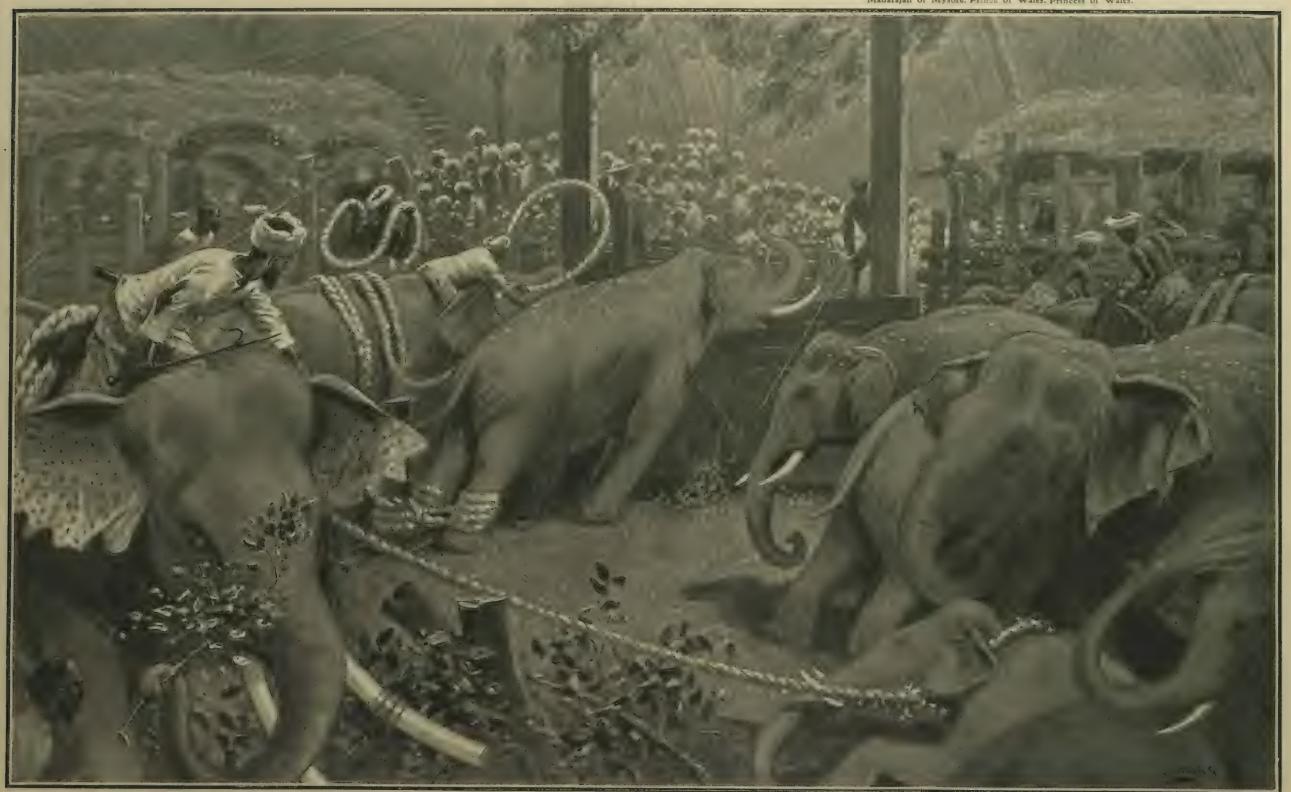


INCREASING THE SPEED OF SKI-RUNNING: A NEW WINTER SPORT IN NORWAY.

# A WILD-ELEPHANT DRIVE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES IN MYSORE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Maharajah of Mysore. Prince of Wales. Princess of Wales.



THE INNER, OR TYING-UP, KEDDAH.

The wild elephants are driven first of all into a large keddah, or enclosure, where they are left alone for several days until their first fury has subsided. They are then driven into a smaller keddah, where they are secured. A mahout mounted on a tame

elephant brings his animal as near as he can to a wild one, which he catches with a running noose. The wild elephant usually throws the rope off with his trunk: but the men on foot watch for, an opportunity to tie the knot so that it will not slip.

## AN UNWILLING CAPTIVE: BRINGING IN A TUSKER AT MYSORE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



Princess of Wales. Mr. Stewart Fraser (Resident).

Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING THE CAPTURE OF A WILD ELEPHANT.

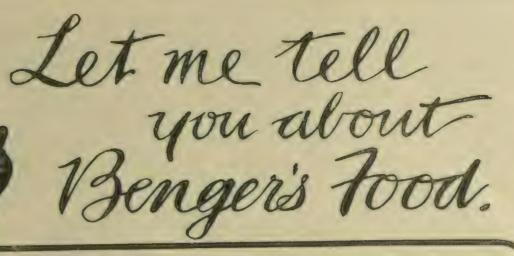
# PIGS THAT MARSHAL THEMSELVES TO PASTURE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



PIGS IN A SERVIAN VILLAGE JOINING THE SWINEHERD AT HIS EARLY MORNING CALL.

In any Servian village there is only one swineherd, who looks after all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs come out of their own accord, fall in behind him, and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.



What it is. Benger's is a farinaceous food, but it is different from all other farinaceous foods in this way. Benger's Food contains in itself a natural digestive principle which changes the farinaceous material into soluble substances, - exactly what happens in the mouth when bread is masticated. Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk when prepared, and by reason of a second natural digestive principle contained in it, the milk is also modified or partly digested. Benger's Food is therefore a self-digestive food, possessing the allimportant advantage that in its preparation the degree of digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy. For this reason Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable it can be served prepared to suit the exact physical

condition of the person for whom it is intended. Benger's Food, prepared as directed, is a complete food in the form of a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

What it is for. Benger's Food is for infants and invalids, and for those persons whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age. Wherever there is a case of enfeebled or impaired digestion, however permanent or temporary, there is a case for Benger's Food. It gives the body abundance of nourishment, with complete or partial rest to the digestive system, as may be advisable. If the digestive system, however weak, can do any work at all, it should be given work to do to the extent of its powers. Benger's is the only food that can be administered so that the digestive organs can be given from day to day a carefully regulated exercise.

How you should use it. Benger's Food is easy to prepare, but it is distinctly not one of the "made in a moment" variety of foods. Its preparation requires a little care, and takes a little time. This is because the self-contained natural digestive principles begin the process of digestion while the food is being cooked. Full directions are contained on every tin; briefly, Benger's is first made into a smooth paste with cold, fresh milk; to this boiling milk is added and the whole set aside to cool. At this stage Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried and vice versa. Its preparation is completed by boiling, and when sufficiently cool it is ready for use.

Benger's Food is one of the most valuable foods known to science. Its constituents are well known to medical men and approved by them. Benger's Food can be enjoyed and assimilated with ease "when all other foods are rejected."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

## LADIES' PAGES.

OUEEN ALEXANDRA is fortunate in the affection existing between her sister and herself. When sisterly love exists, it is undoubtedly one of the most delightful forms of that human sympathy which affords the only effective solace to all the ills of life. As Darwin wrote: "Talk of fame, honours, wealth, pleasure—all are dirt compared with affection." How sad it is that here and there envy and jealousy and spite should take the place of proper sisterly love! It is sometimes, perhaps even usually, the fault of the mother when this evil reversal of true sisterly relations obtains; ill-judged acts of favouritism, emotionally or in material benefits, acts of favouritism, emotionally or in material benefits, unfair praise and blame, lack of gentle maternal direction of the feelings towards family harmony in the early years, are at the root of the matter. The late Queen of Denmark was quite 'exceptionally wise and tactful, and her guidance in this matter, as in others, was probably advantageous to her family. Her two eldest daughters have constantly shown each other the warmest affection; by their own wish, for example, they have always shared one suite of apartments in the Danish country home where so many happy holidays have been mutually passed. Now that these family gatherings are ended by the loss of the last parent, the Dowager-Empress of Russia is contemplating acquiring a residence in this country, where she can continue to enjoy at frequent intervals the happiness of her sister's companionship, in the midst of our English peace.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts's beautiful and life-long interest in others' welfare is still as fresh as ever in her ninety-second year. She noticed recently in the newspaper the account of a gallant rescue of a little child from drowning performed by a lad of eleven, and forthwith the period of the process. with sent to inquire into his position and character. As the report was satisfactory, the Baroness interested herself in obtaining the certificate of the Royal Humane Society for the boy, and a few days ago she had him up at her house in Stratton Street and herself presented him with the parchment and other rewards. The kindness and benevolence of this illustrious Victorian woman are not more remarkable than her intellectual qualities: she has given of her great wealth for qualities: she has given of her great wealth for charitable uses on a large scale, and at the same time has not left undone the smaller kindnesses; but in every case clear judgment and enlarged views have guided her generosity. The Baroness resembles Queen Victoria in possessing an excellent and individual literary style. In a recent communication that she sent to a society for promoting kindness to animals, there was incidentally put in a very interesting manner a revelation of her thoughts about life: she looks over it from the Pisgah of her years, and finds that with all its sorrows and pains life is still a blessing. "What I want all teachers to do," wrote the aged lady, "is to impress upon the children under their instruction the moral obligation of respecting that great gift of God, life—that obligation of respecting that great gift of God, life-that



A CLOTH PROMENADE GOWN.

Fine face-cloth, cut with the fashionable Princess outline, is trimmed with numerous small tucks, edged with braid, and finished with revers and cuffs in darker cloth, and with tiny buttons,

gift which man can destroy, but is utterly powerless to restore. Everyone should view with reverence and respect the mysterious principle of life, whether it assumes the form of a human being or of an animal. Life is life under whatever form it may be found, and it is God's great gift to us all. I do not think this subject has been treated in the way in which it ought to be that is, as it concerns our duty towards God as well as towards ourselves." That this keen appreciation of life exists in company with the vast sympathy for the sufferings of others that the Baroness's wide charity implies, is an interesting fact. To feel not only one's own but the world's woes is usually an over-heavy load.

When all the platitudes are said about the equalwhen an the platitudes are said about the equation of human lots by private and personal circumstances, it remains true that to be old and wretchedly poor is a miserable lot; and that sad lot necessarily falls to the share of a considerable proportion of the aged women of the working classes. Whether as wives or as single women they have not the smallest chance of saving the interior private proportion of the lot age. of saving up in their prime a maintenance for old age; and then, as years accumulate on their heads, and they become slow and incapable, they can no longer continue successfully to compete in the labour market for the average wage, small though that is, of the unskilled working woman. There is a good deal being said, in and out of Parliament, about the case of an aged woman, Mrs. Thorowgood, who applied to the guardians of Lambeth for outdoor relief, on the ground that her average wage as a tailoress "finishing" Volunteer uniforms in a factory is only five farthings an hour, and that she cannot earn more than some five shillings a week. This is, of course, extremely sad; and it is the more, not the less, so because there are many thousands of other old women working to the utmost of their ability of saving up in their prime a maintenance for old age more, not the less, so because there are many thousands of other old women working to the utmost of their ability for equally poor wages. But the immediate consequence of attention being drawn to such a case is to cause a demand for more laws—and for precisely the sort of laws that have already acted to push these unfortunate old women down, by rendering it harder for them to be employed for what their work is worth. A busy little group of middle-class Socialistic ladies, calling themselves "The Women's Industrial Council," immediately come forward and state that they have found an

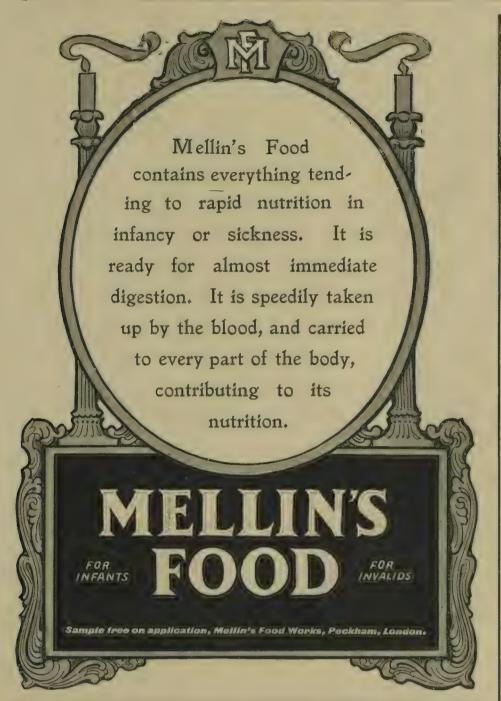
come forward and state that they have found an M.P. to propose laws to "extend enormously the State supervision over home-work." Now it is clear enough that every law that increases the burden upon the employer tends inevitably to compel him to the dismissal of his less quick and capable workers; only those still possessed of the activity and energy of comparative youth can make their labour pay the employer if he be harassed by regulations; and it is on such poor old women as the one whose case has aroused this notice that the blow first falls in such an

event as losing all work.

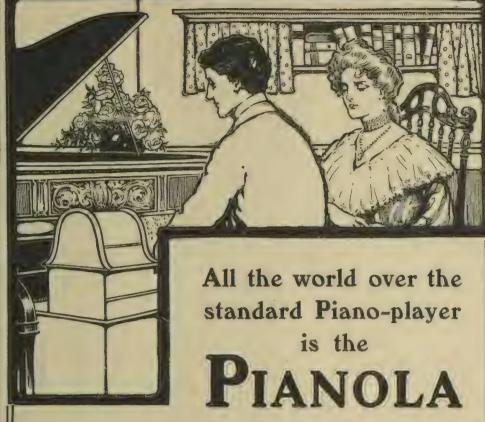
There is the workhouse open to them and nothing else then; and how far they prefer to











o into whatever corner of the globe you will, the name and fame of the Pianola will be found to have preceded you.

The interest that this fact has for the intending purchaser of a Piano-player is this: It stands to reason that an article which can enter the markets of the entire world, taking the pre-eminent position in every instance, must be possessed of unusual and remarkable merits. The Pianola has to-day a greater sale and popularity than that of all other Piano-players together.

The musical superiority of the Pianola is the chief cause of its leading position throughout the world.

There is no other Piano-player that costs so much to build, that contains such important patents, that plays with such delicacy, and affords such perfect control over all the elements that go to constitute artistic piano playing.

The testimony of the musical world on these points is overwhelming. Amongst the eminent musicians who have paid tributes to the Pianola, and to no other Pianoplayer, are Strauss, Grieg, Humperdinck, Moszkowski, Joachim, Kubelik, Rosenthal, Hofmann, Paderewski, &c.

You are invited to call at Æolian Hall and to write for Catalogue H.

THE

# ORCHESTRELLE CO.,

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135=6=7. New Bond St., LONDON.

stop outside of that shelter, living however sparingly and working to the utmost of their powers in possession of some degree of freedom and self-management, anybody may find out by inquiring of themselves. Suggest to one of these poor self-supporting old dames that the workhouse is really an extremely nice, comfortable place, and you will forthwith be able to note her horror of being reduced in her old age to living under rules, constraint, and government, separated from all her friends, and deprived completely of the management of her own existence. For such struggling, independent-spirited old workers, who cannot earn a living wage in a competitive market, out-relief sufficient to make up to them for the paucity of their earnings is true kindness, because it is what they immensely prefer; and laws that compel employers to turn out such slow, "pottering" old workers and to replace them all by young and active ones are positively cruel to the independent aged women forced into the workhouse thereby. The mistake of those who urge such laws as will drive old women into the workhouse as soon as they are not worth to an employer the wages of their better days is similar to that of a little girl of ten whom I knew who was trusted by her mother, as training for her, to order the nursery menu, and who gave the other children rice pudding every day for a week, on the ground that she herself liked it best, and you should do to others as you would have them do to you. Baron Suyematsu, the Japanese diplomatist, tells that he heard a Chinese authority contrast a Confucian saying with that Western ideal thus: "Our motto is, 'Do not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you,' your motto is, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' In consequence of this, your people often force others to do what you yourselves would like, without inquiring whether those other people want it to be done or not. It therefore often results in your doing things against the wish of the people concerned, and this is o

In the chief organ of the drapery trade, several veteran tradesmen have recently been giving their recollections of the past, and one and all bear witness to the great increase in feminine indulgence in dress in their time. One of the writers states that in his day window-dressing was an almost unknown art; ladies only went to a shop for what they strictly required; and the idea of tempting them to purchase what they did not need by a lavish display of goods behind great plate-glass windows was unknown. Another avers that in his 'prentice days, seventy years ago, ladies of good position never expected more than two new gowns a year, and even those of exalted rank seldom had many more than that—a summer and a winter new frock! We have changed all that with a vengeance; but it is to be

and and an A STATELY DRESS.

This indoor dress looks very handsome carried out in chinon velvet of a rich dark tint, with Empire corsage in lace trimmed with velvet bands and

remembered that the use of machinery and the greater ease of transportation of goods have much reduced the prices of our attire, and perhaps our many gowns and other little adornments do not, after all, cost so much more than those few of our ancestresses used to do. Certainly, one looks with wonder on the very artistic and charming new fashions, whether it be in materials, embroideries, or head-gear, that can now be acquired at an absolutely trifling cost, if there be but the needful good taste to preside over the selection by the purchaser.

The dainty and artistic colouring of the early Spring goods, even in the cheapest materials, makes them very attractive. Mauves and greys are numerous, and dainty blues and pastel greens predict summer skies and foliage. Tweeds in flecked and spotted effects are fashionable; particularly so are creamy white grounds with dashes thereon of pale blue, golden brown, or light shades of purple. Lace is to be as much used as ever; and the imitation laces at very low prices are wonderfully fine, and in the best old patterns. Entire loose coats of guipure over thin silk, to be worn just as and instead of blouses with skirts of another material—of fine cloth, muslin, or crèpe-de-Chine—are a feature of new fashion. Silk is to be worn, especially in the glace variety, and in the delightful chené blurred effects of colour on lighter grounds. Some of the most charming materials to the eye are quite inexpensive, being simply cotton fabrics finished off by one of the new processes to look as glossy and to be as supple in draping as soft silks. To be able to buy such fabrics for a few pence the yard is surprising and gratifying.

Catalogues nowadays take a high place as works of art very often, but supremely beautiful is the newly issued illustrated list of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, this new catalogue leading in its line, as the stock, in its way, is unequalled. The complete catalogue is a sumptuous volume of close upon five hundred pages, bound in an artistic cream-and-green cover. Within, it is full of illustrations exquisitely produced upon the finest art paper. The most charming and latest designs are depicted, whether in jewellery (and in that direction showing both costly or inexpensive articles) or in clocks and watches or every sort of cityer and exclusive and watches.

is full of illustrations exquisitely produced upon the finest art paper. The most charming and latest designs are depicted, whether in jewellery (and in that direction showing both costly or inexpensive articles) or in clocks and watches, or every sort of silver and goldsmiths' ware for the dining-table, toilet, or other decorative and useful purposes. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, on application to the firm at 112, Regent Street, W., will send to any of my readers post-free, at home or abroad, the large complete catalogue if wanted, or the one desired of the sections, four in number, in which it is separately bound—namely, the diamond and other jewellery catalogue, the silver and electro-plate one, that showing the watches and clocks (of which there is also a splendid antique collection, by the way), or the dressing-bag list.

FILOMENA.





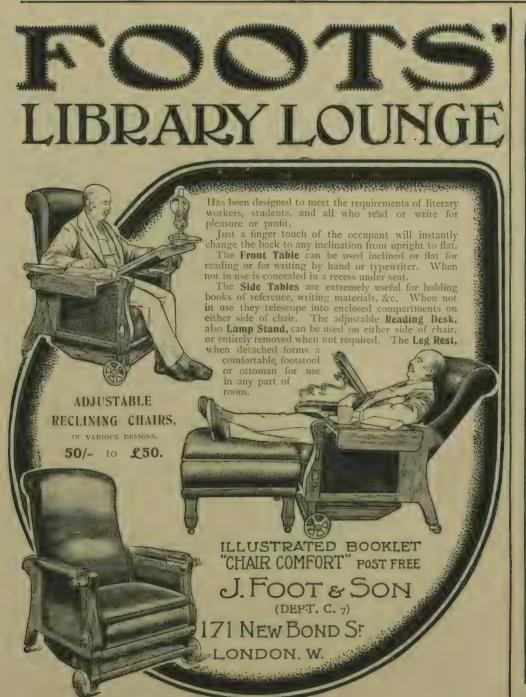
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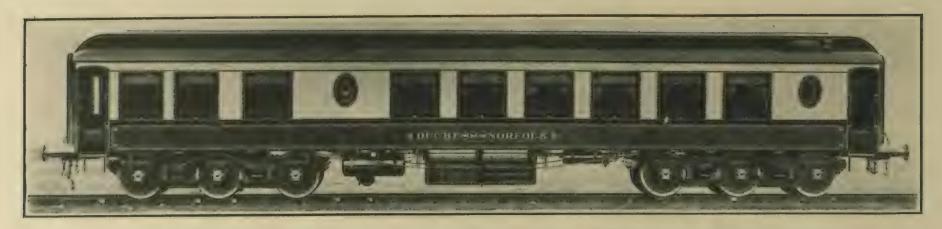
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THE PULLMAN CAR "PRINCESS PATRICIA."

THREE new Pullman buffet and parlour cars THREE new Pullman buffet and parlour cars have recently been built at the Brighton Railway Shops under the personal supervision of Mr. Thomas Powell, the Pullman Company's European manager, Mr. L. J. Berg, of the Pullman Works in the United States of America, and Mr. D. Earle Marsh, the Brighton Company's Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent. They are generally of the same dimensions and design as some of the later cars now running in the service, being 63 ft. 8½ in. long, 8 ft. 10¾ in. wide, and 12 ft. 10¾ in. high, each having a seating accommodation for 32 passengers—20 in the wide, and 121t. 103 in. high, each having a seating accommodation for 32 passengers—20 in the saloon and 12 in the smoking compartment. The windows are 3 ft. 9 in. wide and in two parts opening upwards, with top sashes of coloured glass in "Gothic" design. There are also upper deck lights in coloured "Gothic" design.

The cars which are named "Princess Patricia," "Princess Ena," and "Duchess of Norfolk," are the finest and most luyuriously appointed vehicles.

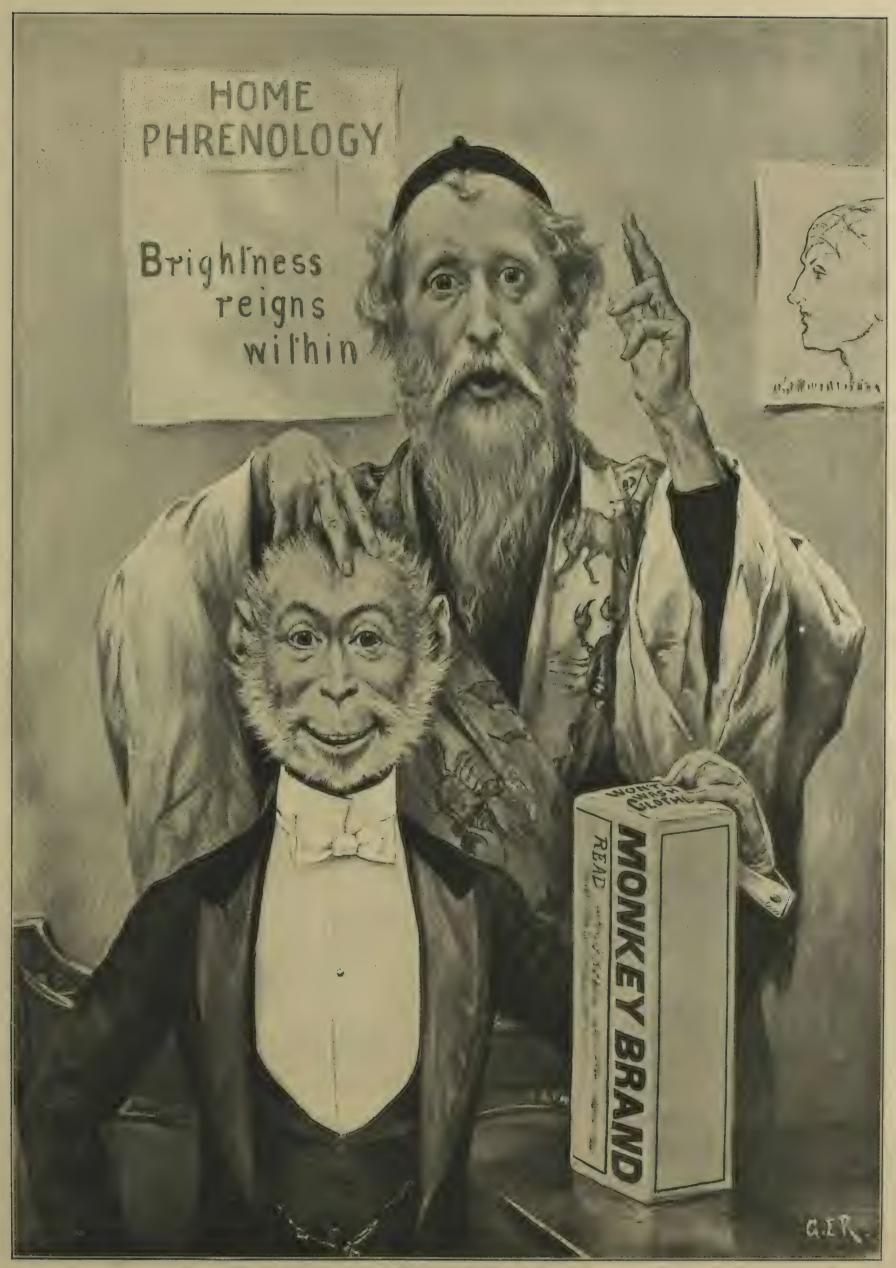
the finest and most luxuriously appointed vehicles that have been put into traffic in this country. The vestibules are wide, open, and of the latest type, giving a very roomy passage-way. The exterior is painted in the Brighton Company's new colours, the body in dark umber and the upper panels in ivory white, picked out with gold.

The interior finish of the cars is of vermilion wood throughout in flat marquetry design, with ceilings painted white and simple gold decorations. The revolving chairs of the saloon are upholstered in olive green plush, and the seats of the smoking-room in dark green leather. the finest and most luxuriously appointed vehicles



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### MUSIC.

THE appearance of M. Safonoff in charge of the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, was the musical event of last week, and our Russian visitor demonstrated clearly enough that the praises sung by his critics all the world over are founded upon very distinct merits. The programme was a searching one, Beethoven, Mozart, and Tchaikowsky being represented, the last named by the magnificent fifth symphony that failed to find a welcome when it was first presented. that failed to find a welcome when it was first presented under the composer's own direction. M. Safonoff's treatment of the Mozart, Serenade in G for strings was altogether delightful, no possible point of charm being missed, while the serenade came to the audience with a sense of freshness that made it almost difficult for one to realise that it was written 120 years ago. The novelty in the treatment of the Tchaikowsky symphony lay for the most part in the curious rendering of certain passages for the brass, and in this connection it is only fair to say that this section of the grapheter did not six as a presentation of the this connection it is only fair to say that this section of the orchestra did not give us an immaculate performance. The horns were at fault on more than one occasion. Apart from this question of detail, the Russian conductor seemed to emphasise the sensuous side of his fellow-countrymen's monumental work. His reading seemed to be charged to saturation point with passion and emotion, but it was entirely acceptable to the audience, and was, indeed, in many respects a masterly reading. M. Safonoff is a conductor whom

we hope to see in London again. His supreme control over the orchestra, and complete conviction with regard to the interpretation he puts upon the work in hand, would make any performance under his direction remarkable, even if the audience were not prepared to accept his verdicts as final; and there is no doubt but that he does not lose any point of orchestral variety by dispensing with the batton.

by dispensing with the bâton.

Concettgoers will be pleased to hear that Dr. Richter will conduct a special Wagner concert to be given by the London Symphony Orchestra on April 23, and as Herr von Schuch will not be able to conduct the Symphony concert on March 8, M. Edouard Colonne will come across to take charge of the orchestra, and the programme will include the "Carnival Romain" of Berlioz. M. Colonne is at his best in the interpretation of Berlioz's music, for which he seems to have a special gift. seems to have a special gift.

The Great Northern Railway Company has issued a handy booklet giving full particulars of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows during 1906. This hand-book is carefully compiled, and is a publication which will be extremely useful to all fanciers, agriculturists, horse and cattle dealers, and sportsmen. The Company has also issued a card dealing with agricultural shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station, London, N.

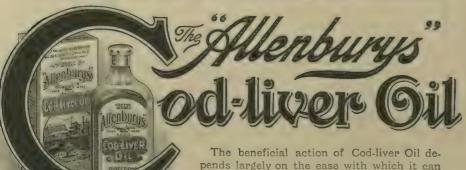
### THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ALABASTER STAIRCASE," AT THE COMEDY.

THERE is some trenchant satire at the expense of the English Peerage in Captain Marshall's new political comedy, "The Alabaster Staircase." There oblitical comedy, "The Alabaster Staircase." There is also an attempt made to present a fable dealing with politics on the lines of "A Pair of Spectacles." But, alas! Mr. Marshall's tale of the High-Tory Premier who, as the result of a fall on his staircase, changes his views on social questions and becomes an ultrademocrat, fails somehow to hold its audience's attention or to carry out its idea dramatically. The comedy, in fact, after a bright introductory act, degenerates into a mere "discussion," and its arguments, unfortun ately, are not enlivened by the many-sided wit and original thought which make playgoers tolerate—nay, welcome, Mr. Bernard Shaw's didacticism. Even the emotional possibilities of the piece—thus, those involved in the situation of the Premier's daughter who is pledged to an inane young Duke though in love with a Radical politician—are never properly developed, for the Peer quickly gives way to his rival. Hence all interest is concentrated on the Premier, a protagonist whose volte-face produces no stage-action worthy of the name, not the smallest emotional thrill (for his resignation at a Cabinet Council falls quite flat), and only provides rhetoric that may express fairly enough the case of labour as against the



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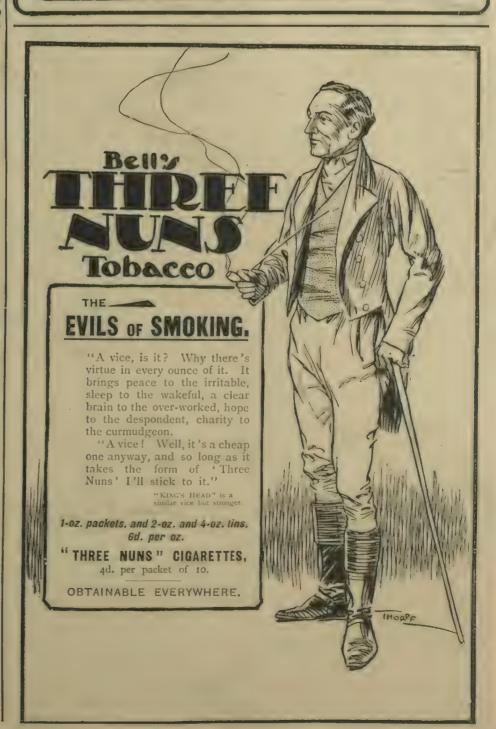
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"idle" classes, but is neither exciting nor very enter-"idle" classes, but is neither exciting nor very entertaining. Having written an undramatic play, Captain Marshall affords but little scope to his interpreters. Miss Sybil Carlisle's unaffected naturalness wins sympathy for the sedate young heroine; Miss Lottie Venne makes the most fascinating of white-haired Duchesses, and Mr. A. E. Matthews supplies a clever study of the idiotic Duke; but, after all, the three players have few chances. Even Mr. John Hare, to whom, as the Premier, is given nearly all the talking, is not called upon to act; he has merely to wear an air of distinction and to speak with authority.

### "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Nat Goodwin in a play a little more worthy of his powers than "A Gilded Fool." Mrs. Ryley's old success, "An American Citizen," is by no means a flawless piece of work even in the genre of domestic comedy; its whole scheme, that of a man falling in love with his own wife, is based on one of the oldest of theory and both its centithe oldest of theatrical conventions, and both its sentiment and its humour often smack of the stage. On the other hand, its fun and its pathos are as often quite fresh and natural, and are also very cleverly varied, especially in the titular part; and as Mr. Nat Goodwin is an actor who can sound both the comic and the emotional notes in a very delicate and yet convincing emotional notes in a very delicate and yet convincing manner, his impersonation of the genial Beresford Cruger is altogether delightful. This finished comedian's pantomime while the hero is doing up his wife's dress, or sentimentalising over a bunch of snowdrops, or bidding his valet take up a bottle of liniment to a man he has thrashed, is worth going some distance to watch. Mr. Goodwin has no longer his accomplished wife, Miss Maxine Elliott, to support him in the heroine's role, but Miss Alexandra Carlisle will, with a little more experience, prove a very charming substitute.

### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Dean of Carlisle, who preached his farewell sermon last Sunday at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, has received from his old parishioners a cheque for £900 and a book containing an address signed by 350 subscribers. Sir Ford North, who presided at the presentation meeting, spoke of the many services which Dr. Ridgeway had rendered to Christ Church during his incumbency. Sir Melvill Beachcroft said that no congregation could have more affection for a clergyman than was entertained for Dr. Ridgeway by those who had had the advantage of belonging to his congregation.

The Rev. C. G. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill, Northumberland, who has been appointed to the important parish of Wallsend-on-Tyne, is best known as the biographer of Father Dolling. He began his clerical life as one of Mr. Dolling's assistants at St. Agatha's, Landport, and in the preface to his admirable book, tells of the inspiration he drew from Father Dolling's personality and genius. "No honest man or woman," he says, "can consider what Robert Dolling was and did without feeling braced and strengthened, cleansed and exhilarated; it is 'as a breeze from places strong for life."

Dr. Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, is making steady progress towards recovery after his severe illness. He caught a chill while staying at Brighton, but is now much better.

The Rev. H. St. John Woollcombe, Head of Oxford House, has proved himself a most successful East-End missioner. At the Wonderland Music-Hall in Whitechapel great congregations assembled every evening last week. Prebendary Dalton has been present at the meetings and has organised the work. One of the most interesting features of the mission was the procession through the streets of Whitechapel on the opening night.

Full arrangements have now been made for Lenten services in London. The chief event of the season

will be the Bishop of London's mission, which began last Sunday at St. Michael's, Highgate. Dr. Ingram preached on the evening of Ash Wednesday at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; and on the same day the Bishop of Stepney gave an address at St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, on the character of St. Peter. The characters of the other Apostles will be dealt with by various well-known preachers during succeeding weeks. One of the addresses will be given at St. Edmund's by the Archbishop of Canterbury. the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At the meeting of Convocation last week the Bishop of London moved the adoption of an address to the King, in which his Majesty was congratulated on the great work in which he has been described as "the Peacemaker of Europe." Many problems directly affecting the interests of the Church were brought under a problem of the address contained and appropriate the address contained and the address contained and appropriate the address and his Majesty's notice, and the address contained an earnest reference to the advancement of foreign missions.

The Congregational Union will hold its autumn assembly in the first week of May. The address of the President, the Rev. J. H. Jowett of Birmingham, will be delivered in the City Temple early in May, and in the afternoon Dr. Horton will preach the Colonial Missionary sermon.

The steam-ship Forth, one of the Carron fleet running between London and Scotland for passenger and goods between London and Scotland for passenger and goods traffic, is at present laid up for an extraordinary operation which will lengthen the boat by forty feet. She was hoisted on a large cradle and cut right through just forward of the bridge deck. The cradle was also sawn asunder, and the two parts with their respective portions of the ship were drawn apart to a distance of forty feet, which space was then built in. The alterations will enable the Forth to carry about two hundred tons more cargo, and her steaming capabilities will not be impaired. On the contrary, she will now rank among the finest steamers on the East Coast.



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### Dr. HAMILTON,

writing from the Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W., confirms Dr. Cooke's opinion with the following "I consider 'TATCHO' a most excellent preparation for the Hair."

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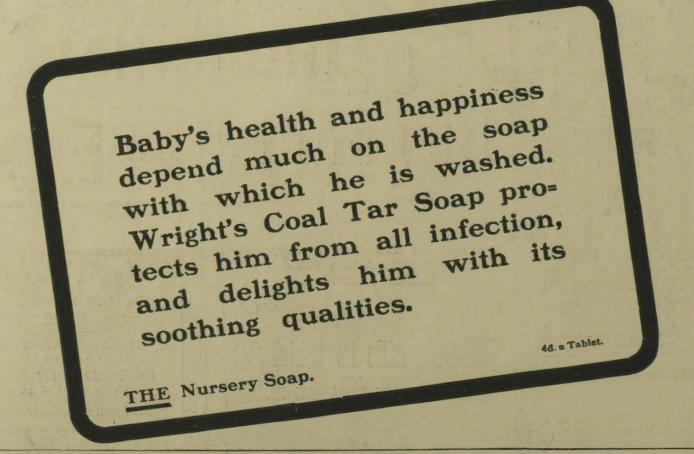
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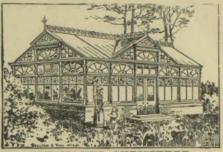




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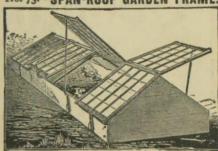
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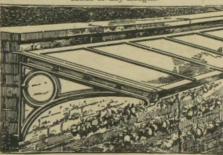
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### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE Scotch Confirmation of the holograph trust, dis position, and settlement (dated Nov. 9, 1902) of GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, SECOND BARON INVERCLYDE, of Castle Wemyss, Renfrewshire, late chairman of the Cunard Steam-ship Company, who died on Oct. 8, granted to Mary, Lady Inverclyde, the widow, Hickson Fergusson Baroard Bushapan MacGeorge, and John Fergusson, Bernard Buchanan MacGeorge, and John Blackburn, was resealed in London on Feb. 16, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £295,456.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1905) of MARY MONT-GOMERIE, BARONESS CURRIE, of Hawley, Blackwater, Hants, wife of Lord Currie, and widely known as an author under the pseudonym of "Violet Fane," who died on Oct. 13, has been proved by Lionel Anthony Harbord and Miss Margaret Warrender, the value of the property being £31,784. She gave to her husband all her personal effects, horses and carriages, and the use

of the premises, No. 8, Prince's Gate; to her son, John Rolland Singleton, the portraits of herself and his father by Sir Francis Grant, the portrait of Lord Chief Justice Singleton, and any furniture, etc., that belonged to her at Hazely House, Winchfield; to Lionel Anthony Harbord, £350; to her son-in-law, Baron de Groote, £200; to her brother, Colonel Charles Lamb, £100; and to Miss Warrender, £50. The residue of her property, including that over which she has power of appointment under the will of her father, she leaves to her daughters, the Baroness de Groote and Mrs. Mary S. T. Harbord. of the premises, No. 8. Prince's Gate; to her son, John Mary S. T. Harbord.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1894) of Mr. John Tattersall, of Holly Bank, Heywood, Lancashire, who TATTERSALL, of Holy Bank, Heywood, Lancasnite, who died on Dec. 30, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Tattersall, the widow, and Harold Smith Tattersall, the son, the value of the estate being £137,338. The testator gives 2900 shares of £10 each in William Smith Brothers and Co., Ltd., his freehold land at Siddall Moor, Hopwood, and a house at Heywood, to his son; and 1998 shares and the income from the residue of his property to his wife for life. Subject thereto, his estate and effects are to be divided among his children.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1900), with two codicils, of Mr. WILLIAM FRANCIS FOX, of East Bridgford Hall, Notts, and of Messrs. Gifford Fox and Co., lace manufacturers, Nottingham and Chard, who died on Nov. 14, has been proved by Charles Albert Hingston, Francis Hugh Fox, and Reginald Wilson Fox, the value of the estate amounting to £74,141. The testator gives his residence with the furniture, etc., and £250 each, to his three unmarried daughters, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his four daughters. Georgina Mand Treplin, Charlotte Ethel four daughters, Georgina Maud Treplin. Charlotte Ethel, Gertrude Louise, and Ellen Theodora, Mrs. Treplin bringing into account £5000 settled upon her when she married.

The will of SIR RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, who died on Dec. 9, has been proved by his wife, Dame Caroline Jebb, the value of the property being £5703. He left everything he should die possessed of to his

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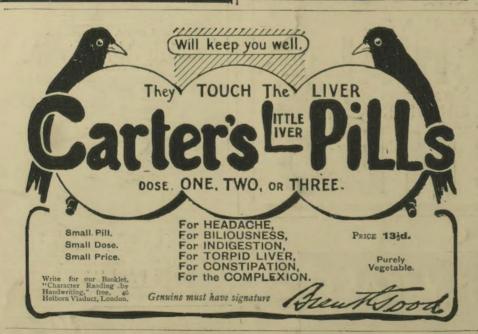
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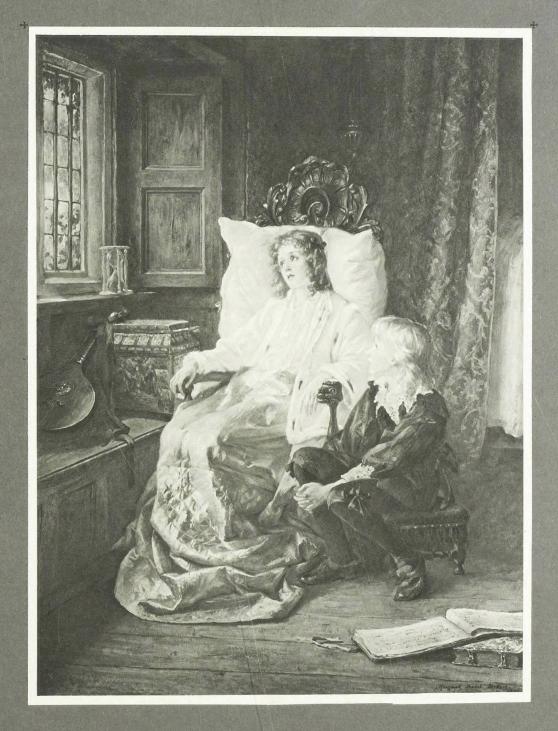
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